AFRAID to MARRY—One Girl's Story by ZONA GALE

AUG 24, 1935

Liberty 5¢

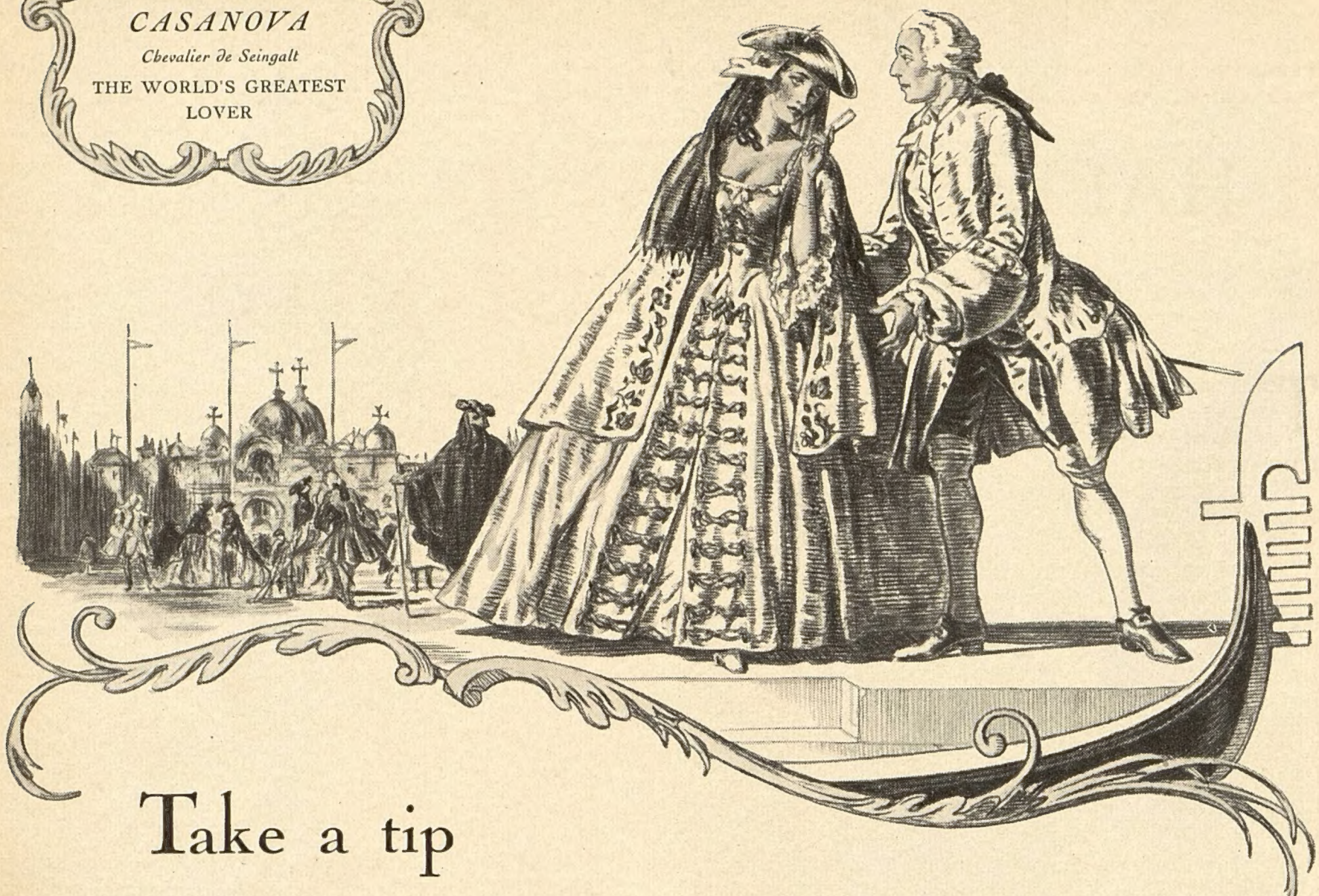
UNTOLD SECRETS of CATHOLICS in MEXICO—A Revelation

1725-1798

CASANOVA

Chevalier de Seingalt

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER



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HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he awooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

• • •

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

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Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

AUGUST 24, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 34

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
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HARD-HITTING STATESMEN OUR GREATEST NEED

THE entire country is looking forward feverishly to the next national election. It promises to be a colossal three-ring circus—probably many three-ring circuses all rolled into one.

It looks as if the Democrats have a "cinch." The Republican Party is wobbling around like a chicken with its head off.

And campaign funds? The Democrats will be on Easy Street. But the Republicans are sick, financially. The Democrats are said to have money to burn. Their campaign chest will be heavily laden. But they have values that are so far beyond an ordinary campaign fund that they stagger the imagination.

There are the millions of people on the dole, the CCC camps, the millions who have been added to the lists of governmental employees. And then there is the nearly five-billion-dollar relief fund.

Naturally, no one would dare to call the relief fund political "swag." But there is the money to spend, and Democratic officials will dictate its destination, and voters who need work will probably have a proper sense of gratitude and vote the Democratic ticket.

The President has millions of friends, but he has also made many bitter enemies. We were all crying out for a leader with imagination and force, one who had courage to do things. And we got what we asked for and then some. The President has led us along some smooth paths, but we have also had to pass through some rough waters.

What makes the situation more unstable at this time is the attitude of many hardheaded businessmen. They lack confidence in the future. They do not know where we are going as a nation. And there are also some Washington officials who do not appear to be thoroughly convinced as to our final destination in many of our legal entanglements.

In the last election we shouted for a leader; but what we need at this time is less politics and more statesmanship. We look back at American history and can find statesmen, not politicians, ruling our government.

We need a few statesmen, men who are willing to stand on their feet and depend upon their own records for election rather than sharp practices of political schemers.

The processing tax which the United States Supreme Court recently rejected looked something like a vote-getting scheme. If our legislators desired to increase the value of agricultural products to the farmer, they had just as much constitutional right to force an increase in the price of wheat and other products as they had to use a processing tax which greatly increased the price of nearly all staple foodstuffs to consumers. But the processing tax increased the number of governmental employees—thousands of them. And then, there were millions of dollars that passed through the hands of officials and, in many instances, were finally given to the farmers according to the dictates of local politicians.

Maybe these gentlemen are sufficiently high-minded to avoid any thought of vote-getting schemes in passing out rewards to farmers with this processing tax, but we all know that the average politician is not always invulnerable in such a situation.

Perhaps we will never again be able to appoint to high positions governmental officials who will refuse to enter the political game and who would take such pride in their official status that they would not stoop to vote-getting, but in the next political campaign governmental officials, high and low, will doubtless give much of their time and attention to the interest of their party.

Oratory will flow freely from every possible source. We can depend upon the country being wrecked, regardless of which party is elected, if we accept the adverse viewpoints of the competitive politicians. Every national election brings us dire predictions of total destruction, but we are still functioning at the old stand.

We have survived many hard knocks, and doubtless will come through the political warfare of the next campaign battle-scarred but still in the ring.

With the vehemence with which we cried out for a great leader in the last national election we would like to shout for a nonpolitical statesman, one who can stand calm and serene and who is free from the taint of political schemers.

Selfish interests of politicians have ruled this country for generations. It is about time for us to have a change. Let us hope that a few statesmen will rise to power and help us out of the political mire with which we are being so badly besmirched at this time.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

BEGINNING

Afraid to Marry

One Girl's Story . . . A Brilliant Short Novel of Love's Strange Ways and Life's Bewildering Conflicts

by ZONA GALE

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART ONE—"THEY WILL KILL ME!"

FOR three generations the Beldens had lived on the banks of the Kittyclaw; but after 1917 Anna and Martin and Genevieve, in their earlier twenties, went down to New York and lived new lives. Billy was then four and his parents were still in their forties.

By 1932 Anna was back at home. Genevieve was married, she said, to a husband and a young son, and her parents rarely saw her. And as for Martin, he had written:

"Mitty and I are very happy. She is priceless—I must have told you about her."

The Beldens were indignant that he had *not* told them, had not mentioned any marriage, had not brought this Mitty to be looked over, as Genevieve had paraded to Kittyclaw her Jim. Besides, Billy, now nineteen, hardly knew his brother and sister, who, his parents kept repeating, ought to be doing something for him.

In 1932 Matthew Belden, the father of all, rugged individualist and still more rugged "family man," said that the family must be invited home; and Bella, his wife, a still more integrated being, suggested that they have them down for Martin's birthday in April, when the plum blossoms could be counted on.

"Martin always liked his birthday when he was little," she said, as if she were interpreting a distinction of Martin's.

They were at breakfast in the only charming room in the house—a long room whose six side windows, reaching to the floor, overlooked the garden, now white and green with snow and spruce. And as they talked Matthew Belden's mother came in. As was her custom, she was talking as she came—she was eighty and the simple machinery of her head had at last become complicated.

". . . said I'd marry him," she observed. "He's my own cousin, but I don't believe the courts will care. He is very deeply attached to me. Of course," she added conversationally to Matthew, "your father might not like it if I married him, but I think we could make it all right with him—don't you?"

They did not remind her that her husband, Matthew's father, had been dead for twelve years, and no one could have convinced that bright inner being of hers that she was eighty.

"I hope you'll be very happy, I'm sure," said Bella Belden. "Now have your oatmeal, grandmother."

Matthew and Bella planned. Genevieve and Jim, their little boy and Anna's little girl, should have the two front rooms, Martin and his Mitty ("What a name!" Bella threw in) should have Billy's room, that had been Martin's. Billy would have to sleep on the davenport. Billy, now strolling in, heard this and complained:

"I don't know all these strange people."

"No," said his mother. "So you don't. And that's a disgrace—your own brother and sister and Jim and this—this Mitty."

"Who's going to havepop?" Mitty called from the doorway. Every one in the room stopped all else and looked at her.

Billy repeated the name with his imperishable air of being detached from his surroundings and from what any one was saying and even from what he himself was saying.

"Mitty," he said. "She sounds little and quaint. Haven't we a picture of her?"

"Picture—no!" Bella said. "Nor hardly a word about her. Your brother seems to think marrying is his own business and that it doesn't concern us."

This statement Billy appeared to consider with an air of faint surprise, as one who should say, "Well—isn't it?" But he was silent. Billy was slender and dark and vague, and looked as if he had in him, perhaps, some star trying to ray through and never yet succeeding. This star was in his eyes as he said over: "Mitty."

"I shall call her 'Matilda,' which is doubtless her name," said Bella flatly.

Grandmother Belden spoke up, over her oatmeal.

"The gray poplin," she said. "I'll be married in that. I did think I'd be buried in it—but what's the use?"

No one said anything, but Billy's thin hand clinched stiffly upon his cup. Grandmother Belden looked about querulously and demanded loudly:

"Where's Anna? She'll help me plan."

"I thought I heard her on the stairs just now," Billy mumbled, and got up from the table. He opened the passage door. There came a halting step, and Anna Vesper entered, on her crutches.

This oldest one of the four brothers and sisters had married in New York, had suffered an accident which had permanently lamed her, and she had been shipped back to Kittyclaw by the husband who had never been there and from whom now she never heard.

Though she said no more than a good morning, at once it was evident that her presence affected every hearer and even the air of the room. There came from her a certain energy, something superadded and burning. Her father's eyes followed her, her mother bustled among the cups, Billy looked up with his air of intolerable expectation, and Grandmother Belden leaned stiffly toward her.

"I expect," Grandmother Belden said, with a manner of enormous importance, "we'll have to have something to eat, for my wedding. Will you see to that, Anna?"

This Anna accepted, regarded the old woman sweetly and quite gently promised. But Billy regarded Grandmother Belden with anguish, and Anna, now seeing this, seemed to stretch out to him her look as if it had been her hand. Between these two there appeared to exist a light bond, sufficiently strong to be taken for granted, sufficiently frail to tug at neither. It was as if each, having learned somewhat to disavow his own stings, yet smarted to the stings of the other.

"Very strange, I call it," the mother said, "that you,

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Anna, and now Martin, should both marry people you can't bring home."

The immediate silence Matthew broke uneasily.

"Don't blame the girl for Don Vesper's doings," he said. "You know well enough he never cared to come here."

"Not now, perhaps, when Anna's lame and done for," said Bella. "But why couldn't he have come in his bridegroom days?"

Anna Vesper said:

"I've killed that—and some of myself with it—or I think I have. Can't you kill it too, mother?"

"*No*, I can't," said Bella.

"Let her be, mother," Matthew said, low.

Upon his small alert wife this heavy lion of a man produced not the smallest effect.

"Sixteen thousand dollars," she went on, her voice rising, intoxicating her. "Sixteen thousand dollars—that's a good sum to get for an accident to a person's spine. And Don Vesper sends her out here with a bare fourth of it and keeps the other twelve—and you both say 'kill it.' It's killed me—that's who's killed. And he never once showing his face here. And now Martin performing just about the same."

MATTHEW BELDEN spoke out strongly, with his manner of charging at some one:

"We'll have the home-coming on Martin's birthday. In April, was he born, you said—" The charge dwindled.

"April twenty-fourth," said Martin's mother, as if on this point her positiveness was a virtue.

"All the plum trees but the Orkney should be in bloom by then," said Matthew.

Grandmother Belden was going on:

"I don't know whether they use cut-steel buttons on wedding dresses nowadays. But I'm going to use 'em on mine, I don't care what anybody uses."

"Of course, of course, grandmother," said Anna Vesper.

A small dark child had strayed into the room, and no one had heard her enter—Anna's child, tiny, anemic, her struggle to live evident upon her. Anna put out her hand.

"I want some toast and some jam," said the little girl sweetly.

Before Anna could reply, Bella turned upon her.

"No toast and no jam," she said with a relish. "Oatmeal and milk—nothing else. Whatever."

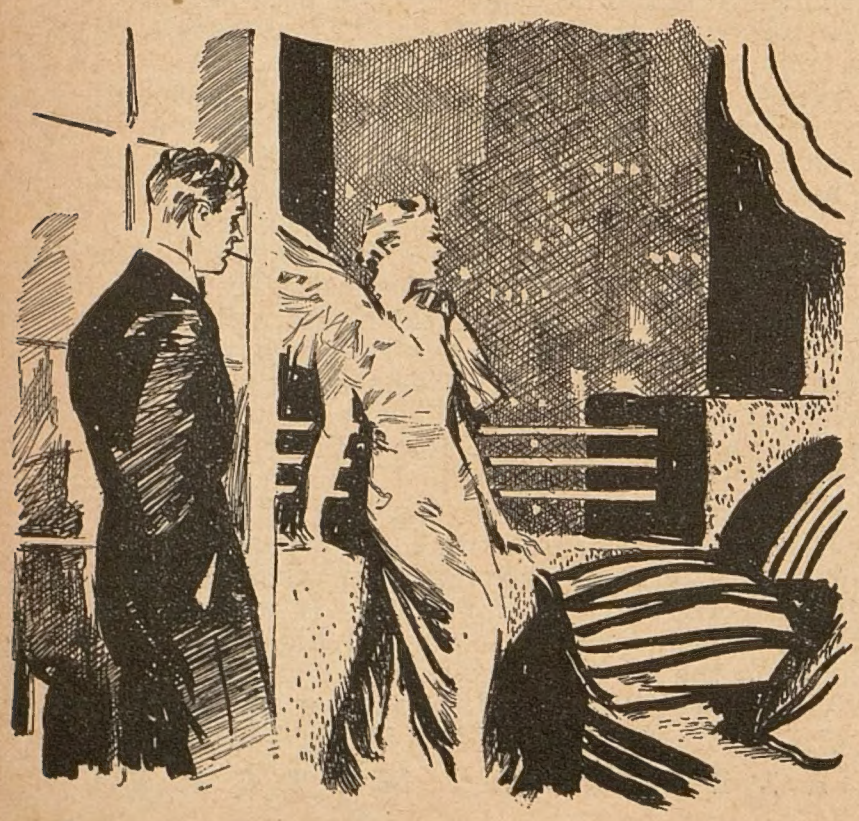
Her zest and her savoring of the moment were violent and obscene. The child shrank and hurriedly assented.

"So that you'll get strong, lover," Anna explained.

Matthew Belden stirred.

"Toast and jam aren't poison," he offered, but with the rising inflection of the already defeated.

"*You'd* ruin her stummick," his wife said accusingly. "No, pettie," she continued, directing upon the child



some profound physical attack in which she took an obscure physical satisfaction. "No toast and no sweets. No candy. No sugar. You must be strong and well."

The child faintly smiled at Mrs. Belden, retreated from her pinching caress, and settled to her porridge.

"Delpha," said Anna Vesper. "Grace?"

The child folded her tiny hands and repeated:

"God is great and God is good
And we thank Him for this food."

She opened her eyes and observed:

"That's the grace papa taught me."

Mrs. Belden laughed loudly.

"The devil used holy water that time," she said.

The child's look flew out—wide and frightened but uncomprehending—to her mother, to Billy.

Billy burst out with violence: "But it's using a tool of the devil when you have such a good time denying her toast and jam!"

His mother turned upon him the look of a wounded protector.

"But the most delicious breakfast in the world is porridge!" Anna Vesper cried, and some pure energy in her cleared the air of the room.

Billy sat staring at Anna; at grandmother mumbling about wedding cake; at his father, who was already at the maple desk writing to Martin and Mitty, to Genevieve and Jim; and at Delpha, eyes downcast upon her oatmeal. And it was as if he saw them all and himself in some monstrous web from which there was none to loose them. . . .

The small smart apartment opened on to a roof, and there Mitty had a garden. Not that she had planted this garden. Mitty was not a planter; she was a reaper.

Toward eight o'clock she and Martin had come out to look over the roofs to the lights in Central Park, and Mitty said:

"How is it all going to end?"

She stood in a corn-colored satin gown, as tight as a glove and as bright as her hair. Her profile bore the innocence of the outline of a dove, and her silhouette bore the wiles of the coils of a serpent.

"Already thinking about the end?" said Martin—and he was still in the stage of looking at her every time that she spoke.

Mitty said: "Troubled thoughts about the way love acts."

"My loves," said Martin, "are permanent affairs."

"'Affairs,'" said Mitty. "That was what I meant."

THEY went on like this, and Mitty was speaking lightly, not looking at Martin, and Martin was watching her with the devouring quality of the sun enveloping a plant—or a planet. Martin Belden had something of the huge bison look of his father—the head large and heavy with loose hair, the features immobile, the eyes immovably watching, as a saint would watch a vision or as a beast would watch its prey.

"I wonder," said Martin, "what would have happened to me if we hadn't met. I should have been staying on in my room uptown. I should have been saying, 'That bird is living, and that one'—but I should have known that I wasn't living yet."

"Is this living?" she asked.

"It is for me."

"No yachts and things?"

"I have you—good God, will you never understand that you are all I want? I want you forever."

"Darling, how absurd!"

She walked about the roof, and Martin watched her miserably. She was detached, self-contained, incredibly autonomous. She was forever looking away, as he forever looked at her.

"I want only you," he said. "I'd like not to go to the La Portes' tonight. I'd like to go nowhere and do nothing except stay here with you."

"But that's only the first stages of it."

"I'm all the stages of it."

She faced him impatiently.

"Martin! We're intelligent creatures trying to get on in life—trying to make something of ourselves. Does it strike you that we talk like morons?"

"All lovers are morons," said Martin in a mournful tone.

"Think of it—the deepest experience of life, and you have to be a moron to enter into it. *I* don't. I love you—but my head is working."

"For example?"

"I hope I'll get into the Chicago company."

"Even though it may mean a long run out there."

"And I'm bound to hope it will."

"That's how little in love you are."

"Stupid—I love you or I shouldn't be here."

"I love you—and I can't be anywhere except where you are. If you go to Chicago, I shall follow you."

"Give up your job? I couldn't stand for that!"

"Does it ever strike you," Martin shouted, "that we've completely reversed our normal positions? That it's you who direct our movements and not I?"

At this she laughed deliciously and said what did he mean, normal? And wasn't it time to be at the La Portes'? And what was it he wanted, anyway?

He brought it out violently, as he had brought it out so many times before:

"I want you to marry me."

As if this gave her some reminder, she cried, "Oh, Martin, there's a letter for you," and disappeared to fetch it.

When Mitty returned, she appeared to feel that she owed him something, so she drew him down to a chair and sat on his knee. He put his arm about her, laid his cheek on her shoulder, and opened his father's letter:

My dear Boy:

All is as usual here at home. Your mother says that she begins to feel her years some but I do not see that she is any different or any less. Your grandmother grows more and more distempered in her mind. She has hallucinations which amount to the immoral and I am much concerned whether she may not be held accountable at the last day, if there is any. Your sister Anna hears nothing from her scoundrel husband and her money is almost gone, so no more of her. Your brother William continues to be a problem. He shows no aptitude. He refuses to return to college, which is a teasing matter to me, though also saving, so I try to see in it a grace. That accounts for all of us.

There is of course Anna's child, who does very well, though with a will of her own which her mother chooses to ignore, either through good disposition or lack of knowledge as to how to deal—these two are often hard to distinguish, the one from the other. However, your mother seems a little too willing to deal with the child herself, or so I think—and often speaking to her pertly or so it would be called in one younger; but no more of this.

We wish you and your wife Matilda and Genevieve and Jim to come home for your birthday, April 24. Do not disappoint us. Will meet you at Kittyclaw station without fail.

Your affectionate father,

M. BELDEN.

P. S. Your mother and I shall be glad to welcome your wife, of whom we have heard so little. Do not disappoint us, as I must talk over with you the crop situation and my farm, which I am about to lose on private contract.

MITTY twisted about and stared up into Martin's face. "What can you do, Martin?" she said.

He repeated with violence his words of a few moments before: "Marry me!"

She said: "I can't do that. You must go home without me—make some excuse—"

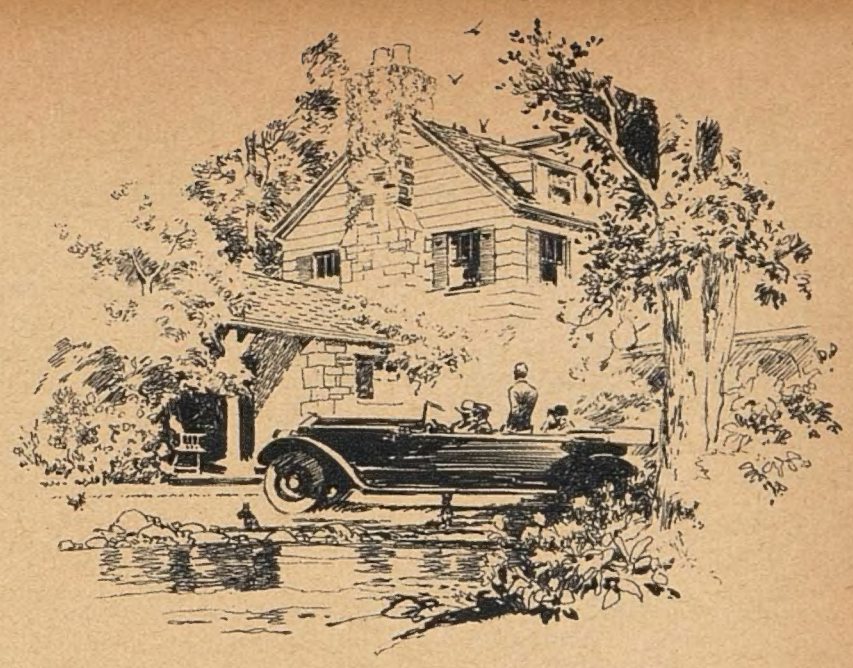
"I can't do *that*," said Martin. "It would hurt them terribly."

"Might you find it impossible to go yourself?"

Martin said: "I've found it impossible now for a year—every time they've proposed it. It's so near that it's ridiculous—and especially now, with this word of my father's about the farm. You can't know what it cost him to add that. And there is Anna on his hands. No, I'll have to go. Mitty, it's so simple. If you would."

She said: "I have a little sister whom I used to take to walk with me when she was six. But she made every walk miserable by teasing to go with me the next time."

"Do I make you so miserable?"



She turned her blonde prettiness toward him, murmured, "Martin, I adore you," and seemed to be trying to kiss his hand—but merely she was trying to see his wrist watch.

He said forlornly: "I don't know what to do."

She spoke as if the solution had occurred to her from the first: "If I don't go to Chicago I could go home with you."

He burst out: "You mean for me to take you home to my family—to a family home-coming—as my wife?"

"IT'S not your fault that we aren't married," she said. "It's mine. Everything would be taken for granted. Nothing need be said. Why should there be? Though really, Martin, I don't see why you shouldn't go alone."

Martin shook his head. "Explain to them that my wife is too busy to come to see them? I'm not sure they wouldn't think that worse than the other."

"This," Mitty said, "is very nice. Then it's settled. I do not go with you to Kittyclaw—or whatever it is. Me, I go to Chicago."

"But to be married, like any other woman, Mitty—to go with me to my home—is this asking so very much?" Martin demanded.

"Much too much. I shall not marry you, and you are so absurd that you do not wish me to go to your home with you on your birthday and be Mrs. Martin Belden for one whole day. It is you who have settled this, remember!"

While he was agonizing over the moment she cried:

"Let's go to the La Portes'. You do not mind my being Mrs. Martin Belden there." . . .

In the taxi Martin sat brooding upon Mitty. A year ago they had met at a party. They had said little, but for Martin the fire had descended. He had followed her about and ultimately he had heard himself crying out to her:

"I don't know what the whole damned show is about, but you give it meaning. It *is* you. I love you. Marry me."

She had replied: "And no curiosity to know whether I love you?"

"Could you?"

"But why weren't you interested in that in the first place?"

"Good God, I was!"

Abruptly she had swayed toward him. Her face bore the gentleness and sweetness of a child; she was a seraph upon the wind; all her lure was dissolved into light, the serpent in her dissembled within doves.

"Beloved—"

Moments later, when he had asked, "How soon will you marry me, precious?" she had lifted troubled and startled eyes to his face and faltered out, "But the stage—"

From that hour the argument had gone on, along old lines, not interrupted but rather deepened by the indubitable fact that she had agreed to live with him.

Martin had never foreseen himself as other than a husband and father, a provider, a protector, in a grow-old-

along-with-me existence. That Mitty should hold the attitude of those whom he had despised, feared, and occasionally shamefacedly countenanced, was a pill which he gradually swallowed. They took an apartment, and it was then that Martin wrote home to Kittyclaw:

"Mitty and I are very happy. She is priceless—I must have told you about her."

And when his mother and the Beldens generally—save his father whose silence cut Martin, and save Anna who passed it over, and save Billy who seemed not to have noticed—when, in short, his mother had replied indignantly that he had *not* written of her and that he had *not* mentioned any marriage at all, and who was this Matilda, Martin had said, in a postscript, that the best way would be to bring her to see them, and that this he hoped to do soon. That had been a year ago.

Now he stared out the taxi window and wondered how such a visit could possibly end.

"The play might not suit me in the least," said Mitty.

He started. "There wouldn't be much play about it."

"And if it doesn't," Mitty went on, "I shall not take the part just because it's a job. Would you, Martin?"

Martin perceived that she was speaking of her profession, not of her light avocation with him.

At the La Portes', Martin stood pretending to watch a game, and really looking about at these men, wondering how on earth, at forty and under, all had contrived leisure, money to spend and to play with, and wives to wear such clothes and jewels. He himself didn't belong there—and Mitty's clothes and jewels had been her own, though no one knew that.

"You don't look altogether satisfied with the game," said a quizzical voice.

Martin shook his big head, and saw his brother-in-law.

"Jim! Lord love you," said Martin. "I didn't know you ever came here. Is Genevieve with you?"

"No. Genevieve's upstate with the young 'un. She's all thrilled over your marriage. Is your wife here?"

Martin nodded and asked: "Are you both going home next month?"

"Dad's letter came this morning, just as I left. We're sure to go—Genevieve's bound to show off the kid—again. Lead me to the Mitty whom Mother Belden writes about. You've said little enough about her to Genevieve and me."

For a moment Martin meditated telling him the truth, but he decided against it. Jim, like himself, was an upstate boy who had made good in his profession and had asked nothing more of life than moderate success—wife, children, home, and the ability to keep his integrity. He was living the kind of life which Martin had meant to live. As they went in search of Mitty now, Martin felt wretchedly anxious about Jim's appraisal of her.

As he passed one of the bedrooms, he caught a glimpse of her sitting on the footboard of the bed, and La Porte, his director, and two other youths had gathered about her while she declaimed something.

MARTIN had an impulse to keep on looking for her somewhere else; but she had seen him and she called out to him:

"Oh, Martin—the part is a wow. You all know friend husband," she went on negligently, "or don't you?"

In these encounters, which nowadays he was always having, Martin was in such misery and anxiety lest Mitty should notice how stiff and ridiculous he felt that he generally spoke out very loudly and heartily.

"That's good!" he cried now. "Glad to hear it. What could be better?"

At once the men all glanced up at him curiously. He was off their pitch; they suspected him of something or other and greeted him mechanically. Martin felt this and threw all his confidence into his voice.

"Mitty," he said, "this is Jim, my—our brother-in-law."

Mitty put out her hand but she looked completely blank.

"Genevieve's husband, you know," he explained.

"Oh, yes," said Mitty vaguely. "How d'ye do? Any relation of Martin's of course I'm bound to adore—and of course you're my relation too, aren't you? Shall I read this over for you, Martin?"

"Do," he said shortly.

She read the lines, gesticulating with the script, her lovely voice full and rich, her head back, her eyes on the men before her:

"'When have I ever called my own my own? Have I had a lover that some one else did not claim? It was not I whom my parents loved, but my brother. Now my own children turn to others. I am alone—whose crime is that I gave myself wholly to love—' It's pure melodrama, Porty," she broke off, "masking as highbrow stuff. That's the perfect combination. Oh, Martin, you're going to be proud of me. When do we open, Porty?"

"When we get the money," said La Porte gloomily. He was a young man grown heavy early, and his mouth so drooped in his fat face that every one laughed at everything that he said.

"'When have I ever called my own my own?'" Mitty sang, slipped off the bed and stretched languorously. "How about a little drink?" she asked. "Martin, what a darling your brother-in-law is. Since he's in the family, may I kiss him?" She lifted herself on her tiptoes and kissed Jim daintily.

To Martin's relief, Jim seemed vastly amused by her.

They trailed through the rooms after Mitty, whose hands continually were being caught and kissed or to whom a glass was lifted for her to sip.

"Lord Harry, she's a humdinger," said Jim, and Martin thought, "How men fall for beauty," and thought further, "Well—you fell yourself."

"WHERE in the devil are we going now?" a voice beside him complained.

He turned to a small man at his side, perfectly turned out but most molested-looking.

"I think the name is Ratcliff," said Martin, grinning.

"Oh, that pup," this man comprehended. "All I want in this world is a pipe at home and a good picture now and then. That wouldn't cost much, God knows. Do I get it?"

"Who is this Ratcliff?" Martin asked.

"He's a thick-skinned cuss that the women all think is King Edward or somebody. He lives in a tower and has a Sandwich Islander for a servant, and his food is made of nobody knows what, and he wears curtains. He's the kind that has been out of fashion for thirty years, so now they think he's new. I don't know what I go for—do you?"

"I didn't know where I was going," said Martin. "But I expect I'll go all the same."

"Exactly," said the man. "And mind you," he went on, "Penny Ratcliff needn't have gone to all that trouble. He had money and that's all he needed. So long!" he said, and was joined by a beautiful silent woman who led him away as if he were on a leash.

Mitty came down the stairs with four in attendance, to all of whom she seemed to be talking at once.

"What in thunder do you find to say?" Martin growled as she gave him her bright impersonal smile and he followed her.

"There's never time enough to say it all," she mourned. "Martin, what's the matter?"

"You," he said. "Who's this Ratcliff?"

"Rat? He's a soldier of fortune. He's amusing."

"Let's not go," said Martin.

"For ten minutes! I kiss you," she said in the taxi, "ten times. There. Now let's go for ten minutes."

Martin broke out violently: "Why don't men tire of women like you? I don't know!"

"You don't want to go to this place, do you, darling? Then let's not go," she said underbreath. "Let's go straight home with each other. Oh, but, dearest!"

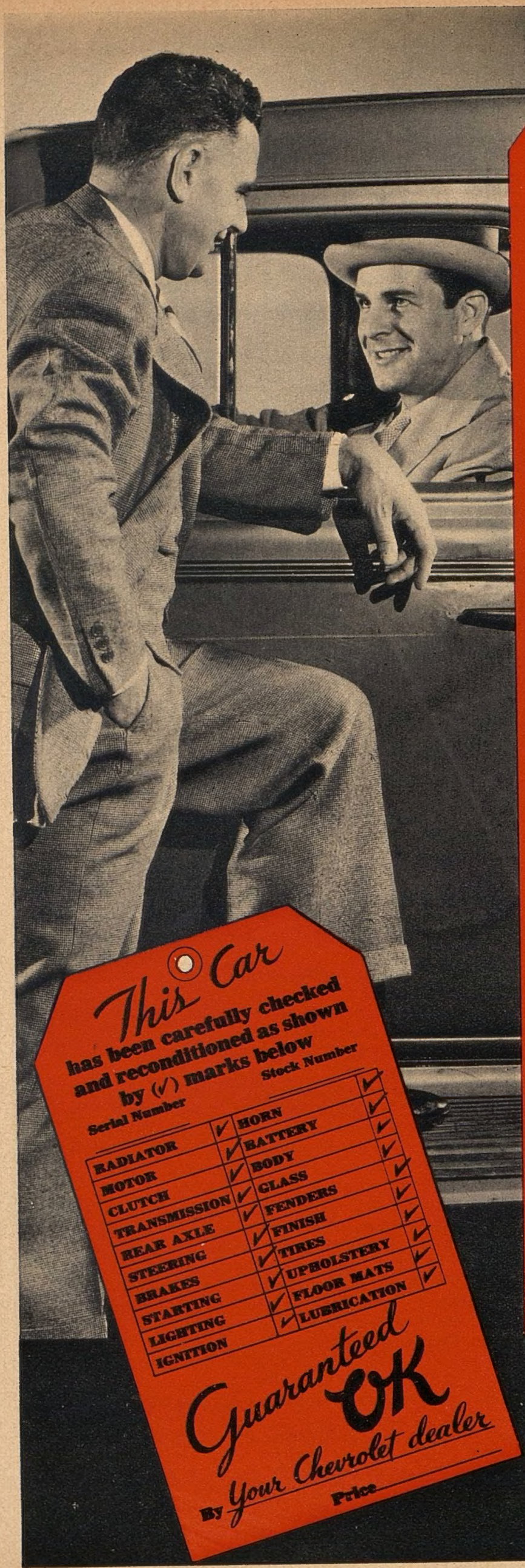
"Yes?"

"The one they think of for leading man might—he just might be there!"

"I thought you didn't mean it."

With her enormous power abruptly wrapped about her like a mantle, she fell silent, presented to him a pure immobile profile, and withdrew herself to her own distances.

Martin groaned. "You *(Continued on page ten)*



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(Continued from page eight) give me as much misery as ever you give me joy," he mumbled.

Then there she was, melting toward him, whispering, "It's always that way in love, Martin. Don't *we* know?" And there they were, drawing up at the street door of Penny Ratcliff's tower.

The vast voice of Penny himself was booming:

". . . off for the desert. Later on we'll see how things go. But now I'm on the market for a farm, and if I can't run a farm better than those mourners who pose as farmers now, I'll go back to the stage."

"I had a farm once," somebody said, "and my corn didn't cost me *more* than two dollars a bushel."

"What corn I can't sell I shall pop," Ratcliff went on happily.

"Who's going to have pop?" Mitty called from the doorway—and had one of the moments which she seemed, Martin reflected, so to love, when every one in the room stopped doing and saying all else and looked at her. Usually, after one of these dramatic entrances of hers, the women quickly went on talking more loudly than before, and the men all came forward on rather a welcoming shout.

When she had dragged Martin over to Ratcliff, Mitty was surrounded, enveloped, borne away.

Ratcliff was going on and was having a thoroughly good time. "Women," he said, with no connection at all, "are responsible for prohibition. No doubt about it. To be sure, it came before woman suffrage, but men saw which way the wind was blowing. They rushed to do the bidding of their future constituents. Women of course were on the wrong side. When women should have been opposing war, they were opposing liquor. When prohibition proved unpopular, who brought on repeal? The women!"

For every point and every contradiction alike he had a chorus of applause, and this he lapped up and went on with more.

"That," he concluded, "is why I want a farm."

"I can take you to a farm for sale," said Martin. "Eighty acres on a river, view, orchard, grapevines—"

An hour later, when Martin found Mitty again and asked her if her ten minutes were up, he told her that Ratcliff was driving up to the farm with them for April 24.

"He didn't ask me where it is or how much it is," Martin said. "I think he's driving up because I told him you were going."

"But I'm not going," said Mitty.

Martin groaned. "You must go, Mitty. We'll have to see it through together."

"Especially I do not wish to go since you have asked Penny Rat. He's such a bad actor and I don't like him. And I don't like you."

"Then you don't mind if I slip along home now?"

"They want me to read over the part for everybody—'When have I ever called my own my own?'" She sang it. "You don't want to hear me?"

He said, "But you don't like me," and a part of his mind wondered again why it is that a man in love can reduce his intelligence to the level of a child's intelligence. He felt a deep nostalgia for a different way of love.

SUDDENLY she drew away from the others and whispered:

"Martin, come home. Take me away—I want to be with you—alone."

He saw that her eyes were shining with tears and her mouth was trembling. Momentarily he felt for her the adoration which he gave her from some fountain which was he at his best and wisest.

Martin thought that he believed in the high independence of women—in their right to opinion and income and self-expression; but it was not when Mitty was her most independent or her most positive or her most self-expressionistic that he loved her most. Especially he did not love her most when she was concerned about her income or struggling with figures in any form. Then she was hard, brittle, even defiant—and intolerably adult. This was the way he liked her best—yielding, assenting, listening. He smiled at himself for a primitive male, but he could not change his spots; it was as she seemed now, in the taxi, that he liked her best.

Still, he was not above taking an advantage. Seeing her so melting, he said:

"Darling, there's no other way. For better or worse, you'll have to go with me to Kittyclaw."

"I might if you hadn't asked Penny Ratcliff."

"But what if he took the farm and helped out dad? Or hasn't he money—Ratcliff?"

"Oh, he has money—or so every one thinks. But you can't depend on him. He must have been married to six women, off and on."

"Well—but if he should take the farm—"

"Oh, of course. No, darling; he isn't the reason why I can't go with you. I—I don't think you ought to ask it of me."

That was Mitty, he reflected, blowing now hot, now cold, now yes, now no, and God knew why he put up with her.

"I can see them all—your family. Your dear trusting old father— Who was it who said, 'But the kind eyes of my father were the hardest to bear'? And I know exactly how he will look at you—your father. So proud of you, trying so hard to see the best in me— You see, Martin, I mean so *trusting*."

ZONA GALE

distinguished Pulitzer prize winner (1921), was born in Portage, Wisconsin, which is still her home. Miss Gale is chairman of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission and is a member of the board of regents of Wisconsin University.

"THE hardest-boiled people, like you, are the most sentimental," said Martin. "You've got dad all wrong. He'll merely take you for granted and go on from there—talking about the farm."

Mitty went on absorbedly, her cheek against his sleeve:

"And your mother—thinking about me as the womanly woman and wife and mother—well, at least as the woman and wife that her son is going to bring to see her! She'll trust me, too, Martin!"

"Now don't you harbor that," said Martin with decision. "She'd suspect you if you came from a convent. Mother is a dear really—but how she does try to conceal it!"

"I thought your sister would be the critical one—Anna, is it?"

"Anna has had so much unhappiness that she wouldn't make a shred for anybody else."

"Is she an unhappy good woman or an unhappy what is called bad woman?"

"She injured her spine, and her husband sent her home and vanished. Would you call her good or bad?"

"She is a good woman," said Mitty positively. "Some of them are so hard. So are some of the other kind—but not so many. Martin! I'm afraid of your home! It will do something to me!"

"But, good God, it was you who proposed going!"

"I don't want to go there—I don't want to go there!"

"You make things so hard for me, Mitty."

"There's—there's no one else there?"

"No. Oh, yes—my kid brother. Billy's nineteen."

"Nineteen. That brother will be still an idealist. They will kill me—among them they will kill me!"

"But I'm an idealist too."

"Oh, and I—I! Of course I am one! We are all one. But ah—when we are nineteen—"

"My dear, Billy wouldn't even see you. He's concerned with other things."

"Concerned with other things? What other things?"

"Well—poetry. Solitude."

"Me—I am very solitary. And I know how to be poetry."

"Oh—Mitty, my Mitty—"

They entered the apartment on a current of laughter and sweetness.

"Mitty," Martin whispered, "you'll have to come with me! Next week?"

She threw herself down, the corn color of her hair and of her gown like a blade of sun on the dark bench. She lay looking up at him, her eyes strange and wide.

"I think I'm wrong," she said suddenly. "But yes, I'll go with you, Martin!" . . .

It was not until they were actually en route to Kittyclaw that Martin wished that he had not agreed to go. The nearer they came to that farmhouse at the foot of little Mount Kittyhammer and on the banks of the Kittyclaw, the more dubious seemed his undertaking.

For one thing, he cursed himself for having brought with them Penny Ratcliff as a possible purchaser of the farm. Penny was clearly out for the ride and, Martin now thought, for nothing else.

On the trip up he drank a great deal, opened his bag to show satin pajamas with vast figures of rose and blue, and talked furiously.

Mitty seemed half asleep and by no means troubled, now that she was actually embarked.

But when the gray chimneys and gables of the Kittyclaw house lifted among the trees, Mitty sat erect and stared down at them and at the trim plowed fields, and she caught Martin's hand tightly.

"MARTIN," she whispered, "I've never acted a lie—except on the stage. And *that* was rather real."

"I'll run back and get the license," he said, "and it can be tomorrow in some stuffy little office."

Ratcliff complained: "What are you two honeymooning about?"

"Martin's making love to me," said Mitty.

"Coward and bully that he is," said Ratcliff. "Where are we now?"

"We're there," Martin said. "That's the farm. That's the Kittyhammer Mountain, and there's the Kittyclaw just flowing into the Spray."

"Good God," said Ratcliff, "I've never been here in my life, but I seem to know those names. I didn't know I knew any geography."

They drew into the neat side yard. There were doves in the eaves, and on the grass rolling puppies; and by the low porch, white in the late afternoon light, stood three plum trees in full flower.

"I can't be a party to your father getting rid of this place," said Ratcliff positively. "It's massacre."

Mitty alighted and stood stiffly where she had first stepped.

"I'm afraid, Martin," she said low. "I'm afraid!"

Of what is lovely changeable Mitty afraid as she sees that old homestead for the first time? What will that queerly mixed family do to her in their various individual appraisals and reactions? It is indeed a strong emotional situation to look forward to in the next issue of Liberty.

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UNTOLD SECRETS

THE REVELATIONS OF A DARING INVESTIGATOR WHO PENETRATED THEIR LEADERS' HIDING PLACES AND WARNS OF A "BLOODY REVOLT" TO COME BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

READING TIME ⊕ 16 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Frederick Vincent Williams is the one American writer who has been able to look behind the scenes of the conflict between Church and State in Mexico. He traveled under the guidance of the Liga Nacional—its officers and their agents are shot on sight—and he came back across the border with documents discovery of which would presumably have meant his death. One of these was the pastoral letter of Archbishop Orozco. Mr. Williams is a former newspaperman and was with the Foreign Legion under Madero against Diaz. He was director of publicity for Franklin D. Roosevelt in California in 1932, and for Alfred E. Smith in 1928.

I SAT in a cave in the mountains of Jalisco one afternoon not long ago and awaited the coming of the famous Archbishop Orozco of Guadalajara.

Since his return to Mexico from exile in the United States less than a year ago there has been a price on his head. The entire Mexican government has been hunting him for months. No one is allowed to see him. No one had been allowed to interview him.

I had been told that His Excellency the Most Reverend Francisco Orozco y Jiminez, D.D., graduate of the Gregorian University of Rome, scholar, linguist, gentleman and aristocrat, was a past master in the art of disguises since emergency and the war by the Mexican government on his Church had driven him from his cathedral in Guadalajara into hiding in the State of Jalisco.

People said that he bore a charmed life; that he would not allow his priests to come to him but went to them, because if one saw the archbishop and the soldiers found out about it they had certain little tricks borrowed from the Aztecs that would most likely persuade a fellow to reveal where His Excellency was hiding.

One day the archbishop would go out among his people disguised as a peon, I was told. Another day he would venture forth in the disguise of an Indian. At times he had been known to mingle with the soldiers who were hunting him. And once, it is said, he baptized the dying baby of a trooper who had captured him and who in gratitude let him go.

The cave in which I sat was bare and uninviting. A table and two chairs comprised its sole furnishings.

Outside, an Indian, one of a hundred who guarded the archbishop in his retreat, loitered at the entrance. I had heard of these Indians in Mexico City. They guarded the archbishop at night. They scoured the country for food for him. They carried his messages and manifestoes through the lines of soldiers to distant and now invisible parishes and to priests who, like their archbishop, were in hiding and disguise.

An old peon came into the room. He held a sombrero awkwardly in his hands.

"Señor Williams?"

I remained seated and nodded casually. The old man took a ring from his pocket and slipped it on his finger. It was the ring of an archbishop.

I rose quickly. He smiled and spoke. "I am the archbishop. Welcome—to my home and cathedral."

He spoke excellent English. There was a quiet charm to his manner. His features were clearly cut, his eyes bright and alert, his hands long and slender. The peon had given way to the aristocrat.

"You did not expect to see an archbishop living like this in Mexico? How is the good United States? I have lived there—in exile. The Mexican government would have me living there yet. But it is better that I returned as you find me that I might be near my children."

"Aren't you afraid?" I ventured.

"I am in the hands of God," he replied. "It is His will that I return here. Our Church, our children are under terrible persecution. Behind the mask that the Mexican government turns on the world today is hatred of God, hatred of everything that is good and decent and that we hold dear.

The cathedral at Guadalajara. It was Archbishop Orozco's till the Red regime drove him into exile.

Ewing Galloway Photo

OF CATHOLICS IN *Mexico*

Archbishop Orozco—now a hunted man with a price on his head yet, as ever, unafraid.

The tenets of Communism, of Bolshevism are followed by this government that seeks to destroy us.

"Children are taught in the government schools that there is no God. They are taught to despise their parents and to look upon the State as the supreme authority in their home life and morals.

"The persecution grows worse. Many of our fine young sons have been killed. They are still being killed, secretly, silently. No man knows when his time may come next.

"If I am caught? So many young priests have died that the death of an old archbishop does not matter. We who are old in the Faith"—he is seventy-two—"can stand the fire and torment of persecution. It is of the children that we must think. We cannot abandon the children to this program from Moscow.

"The fires of Bolshevism are burning in Mexico. They are so very close to your own country. If these fires are not put out here they will some day cross the border into the United States, and that which we suffer you, too, will suffer.

"When you return to your country I wish you would tell your people how an archbishop lives in Mexico. This is my cathedral. I must hide my altar, my vestments. I must hide—"

There was a hush. "Here is the Host," the archbishop said and showed it to me, the Sacrament of the Church, held sacred by the faithful.

"Men are dying for this in Mexico now," he said feelingly. "Men are dying for their faith as Christians died in early Rome. Mexico has become a land of martyrs."

I left him standing in the entrance to his lonely cave, an old man unafraid.

A few days later, on my return to Mexico City, word reached me that Archbishop Orozco had slipped out of his hiding place and, in the early morning and in an open field, near a town where a garrison of soldiers slept, confirmed twenty young men in the priesthood.

Despite the Mexican government's rigid and recent laws restricting religious worship in some places and prohibiting it entirely in others, many young men have entered on their studies for the priesthood. I have seen them in the open fields with their professors, disguised as laborers, wearing the dress of peons, books in their shirts and farming implements in their hands and soldiers who would have jailed them not far away.

I crossed the Mexican border at El Paso with credentials sewed in the lining of my clothes to the Liga Nacional, an organization of a million Catholics with headquarters in Mexico City. To the Liga I owed my interview with Archbishop Orozco. It was the Liga again that opened to me the doors to a weird and strange ritual at midnight among rebels around one of their martyred dead in the heart of the heavily garrisoned capital.

An agent of the Liga, which is credited with being the organization behind widespread revolt in many states, called for me at my hotel one night and said:

by FREDERICK VINCENT WILLIAMS

"I have been instructed to take you tonight to the funeral of a man martyred by the soldiers seven years ago. His remains have been exhumed and are to be buried again in secret. Leave everything you have by way of identification behind you so that if there is any trouble and you are arrested there will be no complications."

"Who was this man who was martyred?" I asked.

"He was Vilchis Segura, who was executed with Father Miguel Pro, a young Jesuit, and the priest's brother, Umberto, in Mexico City. They were shot without trial. They were killed because they were Catholics. The government claimed they conspired against the life of General Obregon. It was not true."

We taxied to a dark and poor section of Mexico City, where the car was dismissed and we stood in the street until its lights were out of sight. Then we groped our way to a low-roofed building and my guide knocked gently on the door. It was opened, he said something in a low voice, and we passed down a narrow hall to an immense open patio in the center of the city block.

This patio was filled with people. There were more than two thousand of them. They stood in the darkness and in silence. The only light came from a number of tall candles on a platform around which the crowd was gathered, and under the flickering light I distinguished the outlines of a casket wrapped in the Mexican colors.

A man mounted the platform. He spoke passionately and the crowd swayed to him.

Red paraders hang a turkey below a sign: "Here comes the Archbishop of Mexico." The two posters were done by Rivera's pupils.

"OUR comrade died as others are dying over Mexico tonight, as they have died, five thousand of them, since 1929 for the Faith when this government broke its word to the people and denied them freedom of religious worship. He died, as Father Pro died, and others have died, hundreds of them, the flower of our manhood, with the cry of *Viva Cristo Rey* [Long Live Christ the King] on their lips."

"*Viva Cristo Rey,*" murmured the thousands tensely.

"Yes, *Viva Cristo Rey* and down with the commune!" shouted the speaker.

"Long Live Christ the King—down with the commune—away with the Bolsheviks!" roared the crowd.

"Our churches are being torn down. Our priests have been sent into exile. Our schools have been closed. Our children are being taught by Communist teachers. We are denied the right of men, of Christians—"

The crowd surged angrily and their murmurings became a dull roar. The speaker held up his hand.

"Thousands of our people are under arms in the mountains. In twelve states they are fighting. In a few months they will be at the gates of the city. When they come we know what to do. It is then that we strike for 'God and Our Right.' It is then that we rise against the commune.

"Down with Calles! Down with Cardenas! Down with the commune! Long live Christ the King!"

Two thousand men and women raised their voices to a shrill cry that must have been heard for blocks: "*Viva Cristo Rey!*" And then as suddenly stopped. They dropped to their knees and began to recite Ave Maria.

My guide from the Liga touched me on the arm. "Come," he whispered. "We must go. Soon they will sing, and that is dangerous. The soldiers might come."

We reached the street. Then that happened which he feared. Two thousand voices were raised in the hymns of the Church. They sang like children, unafraid, their voices carrying for blocks.

A few mornings later, before the sun was up, I attended one of the hundreds of Masses now being celebrated in secret over Mexico. It was celebrated in a pretty home in the residential district of a suburb. A few neighbors gathered with the family and knelt on the floor. The young men of the house lifted boards in the floor and brought out the articles and vestments of the Mass. A table in the living room served as an improvised altar. A young man kneeling with the rest of the company rose and donned the vestments. He was a priest. Then, while he stood before the altar, the young men posted themselves at the doors and windows and kept guard. All received Communion.

WHEN the Mass was over the neighbors stealthily left the house. The chalice and books and vestments were hidden. The priest gave his blessing and departed, I was told, for a residence where another Mass was to be celebrated.

I was told that discovery of this Mass by the authorities would have meant under the antireligious laws confiscation of the house and imprisonment for every man and woman who attended it. And the priest, if a returned exile, would likely have been quietly shot.

There are fifteen states out of Mexico's twenty-eight where no religious worship is permitted. To Mexico's population of 16,000,000 there are now fewer than 300 priests permitted. And in the Federal District of Mexico City, with a population of more than a million, only twenty-five priests are allowed to officiate.

All churches and church property have been confiscated. Many churches, some of them dating back two or three centuries, and really works of art, have been torn down or turned into museums or public buildings.

The churches that remain, even though the sacraments and the Mass are not permitted in them, I found at all hours of the day crowded with praying people.

I entered the ancient church of San Francisco in the city of Chihuahua when Communist workmen were dismantling it and the plaster was falling like snow on the black-robed people kneeling in prayer there. The people paid no attention to the workmen. They remained motionless on their knees with their eyes fixed steadfastly on the bare altar and the empty tabernacle.

In all parts of Mexico I found men and women wearing mourning for the Church, and in many cities and towns I saw crepe hung on the doors.

I talked with a high federal official of the Revolutionary Party. "We are slowly accomplishing what the revolution has set out to do," he said, "in destroying all belief in a God, and that in itself will mean the eventual complete elimination of the Church. Of course the adults do not take kindly to this, but our propaganda is directed at the children. In another generation the myth of God and the so-called God-man, Jesus Christ, will be firmly fixed in the minds of most of our people as a myth."

The antireligious laws are being enforced by the military with an iron hand. Mexico is under what amounts to martial law. Every city and town is garrisoned; soldiers ride on all trains. Approaches to Mexico City are screened with machine-gun nests and lookouts.

The most intense bitterness prevails on both sides in this religious controversy that is flaming into war. Ninety per cent of the people are Catholic. The 10 per cent who are not rule the 90 per cent under what amounts to military dictatorship. If they can hold their power Mexico will eventually become a Communistic nation.

The spark that lighted the flame was not only the closing of churches and exiling of priests, but the government's educational program for children. The schools of Mexico had been for 400 years the schools conducted by the Church. When these were closed—and they have all been closed—the government substituted its so-called Socialistic plan of education.

Sex-education classes were inaugurated, and this created such a furor that they were withdrawn. Thousands of children meanwhile had been taken out of the government schools by their parents. The government is steadfastly insisting that they return.

I was in the city of Guadalajara when 300 small boys were marched through the streets by the soldiers to jail for refusing to attend school. Their parents could only get them out by promising the military authorities that they would send them to the government school.

Many of the children now out of the government schools are being secretly instructed by scattered communities of nuns who are in hiding and disguise and conduct their classes in small groups from home to home.

The conditions under which these nuns live are semi-tragic. Many formerly occupied big convents and schools that had been in the hands of their orders in some cases for centuries. For the most part they were women of culture and came from old Mexican families. When the anti-religious laws were enforced their convents and schools were confiscated and they were shorn of their religious habits and forbidden their community life. Some went into exile, others into hiding. I interviewed many of those in hiding. I found they had not abandoned their community life. All were teaching, going out in the dress of peons and servantwomen to the houses where their classes assembled.

Most of the parents were too poor to pay them, so the nuns also took in washing for a living. Now and then the people managed to bring them food. When they were discovered, they went to jail. Members of their own families were impoverished and in exile.

One mother superior, at the head of a community of thirty-five nuns, told me that her community had not eaten for two days. They had been praying in their impoverished chapel for food when I called with a priest, and when I gave her a handful of pesos she vowed that this was in answer to their prayers.

I HAPPENED on a Communist school—*escuela Socialista*—at the beginning of their class for the day. In their shrill childish trebles they piped:

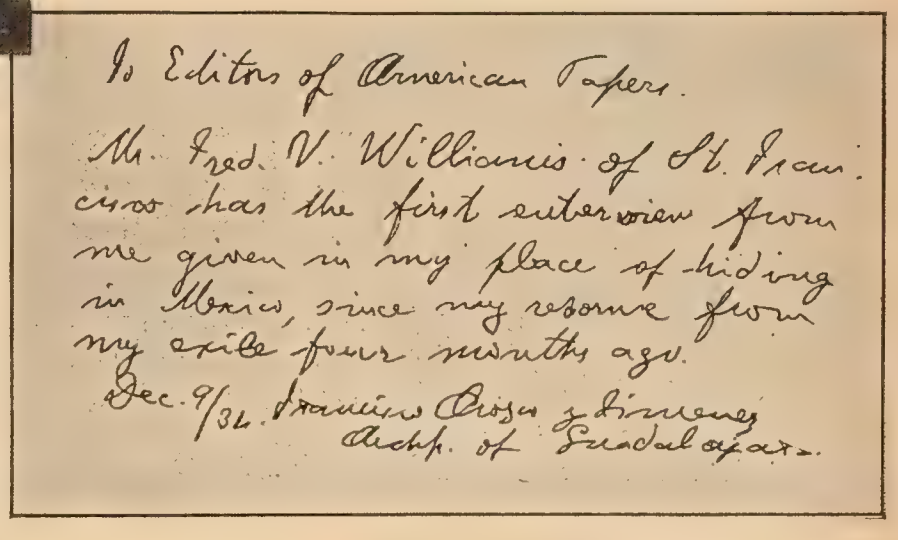
"There is no God, there never will be any God, there never was any God. Long live the revolution!"

On the walls of the Calles Industrial School in Mexico City I found huge murals. One of them portrayed Archbishop Diaz, the Primate of Mexico, standing against an adobe wall with his arms folded opposite a firing squad composed of grinning schoolboys. By his side was an American capitalist about to suffer the same fate.

Murals in other government schools portrayed children with the heads of idiots and with rosaries in their hands kneeling at the feet of priests with the faces of pigs.

Posters on the walls of the new Rodriguez market, a confiscated Jesuit monastery in Mexico City, show priests strangling little children and huge surgeons' hands cutting religion out of the brains of people.

Mr. Williams, author of this article. Archbishop Orozco indorses it as being the first interview from him, "given in my place of hiding in Mexico," since he went back from his exile in the United States.


To Editors of American Papers.

Mr. Fred V. Williams of St. Francisco has the first interview from me given in my place of hiding in Mexico, since my resorne from my exile four months ago.

Dec. 9/34. Francisco Orozco y Jimenez
Archbp. of Guadalajara.

The mode of art used by the government in its war on religion is borrowed from Russia. The school of this art is headed by Diego Rivera. I asked him how effective these pictures were in the war against religion.

"They are very effective, and I am sorry personally that I cannot paint more of them," he told me.

"We can never hope to firmly establish the commune in Mexico, though, and to eliminate religion, which is now the chief obstacle to its culmination, until we have torn down all the churches. The government is not doing this fast enough. As long as a single church remains, just so long will our people think of the religion in which they have been reared."

I met a number of Russians traveling in Mexico. Some admitted they were Soviet agents loaned to the Mexican government on public projects, chiefly propaganda.

The government is keenly aware that it is facing a crisis this fall. It is bracing itself by seeking to patch up violent quarrels that lately have split the National Revolutionary Party. And by seeking, in reorganization of its Cabinet, men who have not the reputation of being openly hostile to the Church.

There are even in certain governmental quarters mild and guarded overtures to the Catholics, intended to quell the rising unrest until such time as President Cardenas is believed to have enfrenched himself firmly against General Calles and others of his enemies.

But these overtures are being met generally with rebuff by the heads of the Liga Nacional and the people who are opposed to the Communistic trend of government.

The party's old leaders, General Plutarco Calles and his associates, are reputed very rich men, and this has weakened them with the proletariat. They are regarded as not being Communist at heart, and therefore not in sympathy with Cardenas.

It was that which led to an open break between Cardenas and Calles recently and resulted in Calles's apparent retirement. The break was brought to a head over General Cedillo of San Luis Potosi. He was originally scheduled by the Liga and the Cristeros to strike the spark that would have touched off a general onslaught on cities and towns of some size and strategic consequence—the first break in the federal military machine.

He served notice on Cardenas that if the President did not break with Calles he would overthrow the government. It was a swell excuse, and nobody doubted but that it would work and give Cedillo an opportunity to pull away. But Cardenas asked for time to decide, and Cedillo gave it to him, meanwhile arming 20,000 men.

Then Cardenas surprised everybody by breaking with Calles, ousting his Cabinet in which sat Tomas Canabal of Tabasco and other Calles men, and giving Cedillo Canabal's post, that of Minister of Agriculture.

Canabal and his Red Shirt Legions are a power in Mexico. Many believe Calles wanted Canabal to succeed Cardenas, and believe that neither will submit tamely to Cardenas's usurpation of the Calles dictatorship.

Meanwhile the antireligious laws have stirred up a hornets' nest. A bloody revolt, with division of the National Revolutionary Party, is admittedly coming and coming fast. No one in Mexico doubts this.

THE END

Never Return

A Vividly Unforgettable Story—of a Killer's Rage, a Woman's Courage, and a Tragic Way to Happiness

by

ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK PAGNATO

READING TIME
27 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SWINGING the car to the right off the main highway, he asked the girl at his side:

"This is the road, isn't it?"

A suspicion of grimness in his voice—as though he might have added: "And now we're on it, we're going to stick with it to the end."

The girl answered his question with a toneless "Yes." She was quite beautiful. Her light hair with its faint reddish tinge was sculptured in tender waves, and the wind, though the car was an open one, scarcely disturbed them. Nothing, one might say, could have disarranged that placid beauty. She was a lovely Juno. Absolute, maddening perfection. (People had been known to murmur as she opened her chiseled lips, "Oh, does she talk too?")

Indeed Hilda Brent could talk. Ask Mr. Brent. It was her talking, over a period of five years, that sent the middle-aged man on a fifteen-mile detour this hushed midmorning in early fall.

The car passed clattering over a narrow bridge which spanned a tiny stream. Brent demanded: "Familiar, Hilda?"

"Yes," Hilda responded. "We used to gather watercress beneath this bridge."

Trickles of perspiration were tickling her husband's partly bald scalp beneath his panama. His collar felt tight about his florid neck.

As they rounded a curve he sounded his horn vigorously.

"Just in case," he said, "any of your former admirers come speeding along here in the latest-model Sacon."

The girl did not speak for a moment. Then: "Arthur, I think it's awfully silly for you to take this attitude. Of course I'll be glad to see Oakville again—but, gracious, I don't see why you—"

She paused and gazed down at her slim white fingers.

"Don't you think it's nice of me to go far out of my way so you can visit your old home town?"

"Yes," replied Hilda, low. "Very nice."

"Thought you'd appreciate it," said Brent.

In silence they continued, the dust rising lazily behind them. The sumac, first to feel the touch of oncoming fall, was just turning red. In the distance the hills were still green beneath the bright sun.

"How much farther?" Brent inquired after a time.

"A few miles," his wife answered.

"Guess this road isn't used a great deal. Oakville people dislike traveling."

"Today is Sunday," Hilda informed him.

He swept Brent aside easily. "Never mind him," Gilson muttered. "You an' me—" He seized her again.

"Sunday—by George, so it is!" Arthur said softly. "Hilda, do we pass that white church—you know, the one where Hal what's-his-name—Rotan—used to take you on Sunday mornings, and where Keeland Gilson—how I know those names!—met you and Hal coming out and Gilson threatened to blow Hal's head off with a shotgun if he didn't stop going with you? Do we pass that church?"

"Yes, we pass it."

"I got the story right, didn't I?" With mock anxiety.

"You have it right."

"Good," said Brent, sighing. "I was afraid I might have gotten it mixed—although I don't see how. I've only been hearing it for five years. Well, Hilda, I'll tell you what we're going to do. Is there an eleven-o'clock service at that church?"

"Yes. At least there always used to be," Hilda said.

"Then there is yet," declared the man with conviction. He glanced at the dashboard clock. "We'll be just in time. It's a quarter to eleven. This return of yours is going to be done right. And who knows? Perhaps we'll see Mr. Rotan or the famous Keeland Gilson. Maybe Mr. Gilson might like to take a pot shot at me. I guess I just about ruined his life when I married you."

The girl stared straight ahead. "I don't want to attend service—here, Arthur. Thank you, but I'd rather not."

"Why, Hilda!" His voice was heavy with exagger-

ated disillusion. "You're not worried about meeting Gilson, are you? If any of your old beaux want to fight me—well, I'll have to go through with it, that's all. It's what I deserve for stealing the belle of Oakville." He loosened his collar with a finger. "Lord, it's getting hot!"

"Please, Arthur, let's not go to church."

"Now, Hilda," he soothed, "I know exactly how you feel. You don't want me to realize how inferior I am to those others—those splendid dashing young men who courted you in the dear dead past. I am pudgy and rather bald and—well—getting on. Oh, I know that! But, you see, I want to make you happy. I want you, just this once, to return to the scene of your conquests. You deserve at least that. Yes, we will attend church, Hilda. And there it is—just ahead!"

It stood in a grove of pines, a simple white building with a definite agelessness about it.

Brent halted the car.

"It's lovely," he said, impressed despite himself. "It's like a picture. Tell me, Hilda"—taking refuge in irony—"where did Keeland meet Hal and cast a challenge in his teeth?"

"Under that oak beyond the church."

"Under the oak. How romantic! But on Sunday, and in sight of the house of God! Really, your Keeland must have been a desperate character."

"He was in love with me."

"Of course. Well—let's get out. We must make ready to brave what comes. Allow me, darling."

"But, Arthur—"

"Allow me!"

Stepping from the car, they crossed to the church and mingled with the worshipers entering: girls in stiff leafy organdy; youths in heavy dark serge; and their elders, circumspect in demeanor, expression, and attire. Arthur Brent had a queer sensation of being drawn into an unfamiliar existence. He said, to cover his confusion:

"Do you see Keeland Gilson?"

"I don't see him. He isn't here."

They were at the steps. Brent took his wife's arm, they passed into the vestibule. It was dim and hushed.

The church was nearly filled. The heads and shoulders of the devout in staid rows before him were to Brent like part of a stage setting.

He caught himself wondering what drama was about to take place. Drama—in a peaceful country church! Imaginative nonsense.

The minister, a tall gaunt person with an upward inflection, began to speak. He was reading the notices. The Sunday-school outing would take place the following week. The Ladies' Aid Society would hold its regular monthly meeting Thursday night at the home of Mrs. Horace Blake. Then, after a halt and with a clearing of his throat:

"You are asked to pray for the consolation of the relatives left by the death of Harold Rotan, beloved member of the congregation."

TO Brent the words were at first unmeaning, vague; then the name sought him out unerringly. Harold Rotan—Hal Rotan.

"Hilda," he whispered tensely, "isn't that—"

He saw her wax-white hands twisting and kneading each other. Her shoulders moved distractedly and in a moment were rigid. Her heart-shaped face turned toward him pathetically.

"It's Hal," she murmured. "He's dead."

Refusing even yet to succumb: "Perhaps it's not the one you know. Five years—"

"He's dead. I'm very sorry."

Sorry! Poignant, pitiful in its inadequacy, Brent felt a great need to stop all this. Hilda was further from him now—she had entered a place apart from him. He must immediately intrude.

"What if it is the man you knew? Well—if he is dead, we can call at the home—you can express your sympathy."

"Hush."

The minister was still talking. Brent felt a mounting sense of unreality flood into him and he began to hate it. He should not have come here. His detour had taken an unexpected turn. He was being made ridiculous. Instead of outraging Hilda's pretenses, this scene, this occurrence, was making the pretenses actual and was destroying his own fortifications. It wasn't right. One *couldn't* go back to the past so swiftly, so entirely, and find it joined to the present.

"—do not know when the call cometh. We should live each day as though it were our last. Who can say—"

Brent grew more calm. How silly all this was! What had aroused that momentary turmoil?

"Amen."

Hilda said: "I must talk to the minister before he greets the others. We can catch him when he comes through that door."

"Why—" Brent began, and was silent.

They waited as the organdies and serges solemnly departed. Then the door opened and the minister emerged, not so tall and not so cadaverous as he had appeared in the pulpit, but wholesome and smiling. Brent felt that here was a man he could talk to.

"I BEG your pardon," Hilda said swiftly. "My name is Hilda Lund—Hilda Brent. This is my husband. I used to live in Oakville."

"Well!" Expansively. "How do you do! And how do *you* do, sir! Well, this is splendid. It is a pleasure to have you with us. Returning to the old familiar scenes, eh?"

"Yes—I came back. You weren't here when I—"

"No, I fear not. I am relatively new. Dr. Messingill. Harvey Messingill."

"Thank you. Dr. Messingill, you asked us to pray for the relatives of—to ask consolation for those—Rotan—Harold Rotan—I knew him."

"So sad! Quite a young man, too. The Lord in his wisdom—"

Ask, ask! Brent shrieked soundlessly at his wife. Don't stand there talking stupidly, making little futile gestures—ask!

"How did he die?"

"You didn't know? A real tragedy, Mrs. Brent. Terrible. He was killed, Mrs. Brent. A fellow townsman, a man named Keeland Gilson—with a shotgun—oh, horrible!"

"Keeland—" Hilda swayed. Brent steadied her with his arm. "Keeland killed Hal?"

"Yes. Murder, Mrs. Brent—in our little community! We are all so shocked—oh, indescribably! It is difficult even now to believe!" He mopped his brow with a silk handkerchief. His cheerfulness had fled from him. His hands trembled.

"Come, Hilda," Brent said in a low voice. "We must go."

She hung back.

"Tell me how it happened," she whispered.

"We don't know. None of us know. Last Wednesday, around five o'clock, Gilson walked into Sheriff Hemstead's office and gave himself up. Said he had just killed Rotan. Put the shotgun on the sheriff's desk. Hemstead thought he was joking—but the gun was still warm, and Gilson said Rotan's body was in the woods across from the church—this church. That's where they found it. Near the big oak."

"Hilda, come away," Brent said again.

"Wait—"

She leaned forward. One hand reached out imploringly.

"Do you know—" She choked, and went on: "Do you know why he did it?"

"No. Gilson said nothing after his confession. They put him in jail. He's there now."

"Hilda!" Brent's tone was sharp. "We must go, do you hear? Thank you, doctor—I'm very sorry for this misfortune. Don't take it too much to heart. Good-by."

Dazedly Hilda allowed herself to be led outside. With the warm sun pouring down upon her, she shuddered as with a chill. Brent hurried her along toward the car.

"We'll make Ausable by night," he said. "We can stop on the way for something to eat—and a drink."

"He did it," Hilda whispered, her voice bewildered, like a child's. "He killed Hal because he said he would."

"Don't keep talking about it!" Brent exclaimed roughly. "Forget it. Get in the car." He opened the door for her.

He thought she was about to obey, for she put her hand upon the door. But then the blood flamed in her cheeks and all her bewilderment was gone.

Staring at her, Arthur was made to feel suddenly quite old. He was conscious of his pudginess and baldness and the way his coat humped up over his fleshy shoulders.

"I'm going to see Keeland," she said.

Even then he could not take his mind from her vivid beauty. It was more alive than ever.

"You can't go to the jail," he said unsteadily. "That would do no good. It would only make things worse. And he wouldn't want to see you."

"Wouldn't he?" A hint, a shadow of a secret smile. "You don't know. He will want to see me. I owe him that."

"Owe him!" He tried to be bitter. "What have you to do with a murderer? What a fool I was ever to bring you back to this place!"

"You did, though." She seemed to be considering something. "Perhaps Keeland heard that Hal—"

Brent cursed to himself. After a moment he said loudly:

"If you go to the jail, you'll go alone. I won't come."

SHE flung at him fiercely: "Do you think I care whether you come or not?"

"Hilda!"

"You brought me back here to show me up. You never believed me when I told you about Keeland and Hal. But it's you who got shown up, not I! It *was* true, wasn't it? Keeland said he'd kill Hal, and he's kept his threat!"

"Hilda, for heaven's sake—"

"When you met me I was just a kid from the country on a trip to New York. I suppose you thought you needed a wife. So you took me before it was too late for you to take any one—and me, being a hick from the country—I loved you! I used to lie awake nights, while you were sleeping, thinking of how I could say smart things—be like your New York friends. So you wouldn't be ashamed of me. But it was useless. I'm back now where I belong—among my own people! I'm going to the jail to see Keeland Gilson!"

She walked swiftly away from him. He followed her, conscious of the curious looks directed at them by the few persons remaining near the church.

"If you insist on going, I'll take you in the car."

She did not answer. Head high, she continued. Arthur Brent's steps faltered like a boy's when he knows he is not wanted. He halted. Then, with a tightening of his lips, he hurried back to the car, got in, and started the motor.

In second gear he drove close to that

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imperious figure striding along with flushed cheeks.

"Listen to me, Hilda. Get in. I'll take you where you want to go."

She did not look at him. This ridiculous scene of the man in the car following the girl on the sidewalk went on for several minutes, the man speaking to her pleadingly, the girl continuing as if she did not hear him. Then it was ended. Hilda came to the car.

"The jail is half a mile farther," she said. "Down the main street. I'll tell you when to turn."

Arthur's confused emotion whirled within him dizzyingly. But he drove carefully, following Hilda's directions.

They did not reach the jail. As they turned the corner there were men running wildly, crying out to one another, some of them carrying guns.

"Find out what happened!" Hilda gasped.

Arthur yelled at a tall thin man with a rifle that seesawed in the crook of his arm. He was plunging toward an old Ford car across the street.

"What's going on here?" Arthur shouted.

The man turned his head, hitched the gun higher.

"Prisoner escaped! Feller who murdered—" His bony face twisted about. "Come on, Jim!"

Hilda's fingers dug into Brent's arm impersonally, as she would have clung to any support. And when she spoke it was not to him; in that second he apparently ceased to exist for her.

"Keeland's gone," she murmured. "He couldn't let them keep him jailed. He couldn't stand that. He's gone!"

"That's why all these men are running around for," said Brent senselessly. "I guess they—"

"It was too much for him. Keeland in jail! Oh, no! He always hated closed places—now he's free again! I'm glad!"

She remembered her husband with a perceptible start. Ordered him sharply:

"Drive to the jail."

"Where *is* the jail?"

"Down that way—see? There—"

The car moved. This is insanity, Brent thought. It isn't happening. It's not Keeland who escaped.

Two men were carrying a third from the small brick building that was the jail. Brent could see a face covered with blood.

"Stay here, Hilda!" he exclaimed, and yanking on the emergency brake he leaped out.

Hilda was with him. Before Brent could ask his questions she ran toward a woman who was gazing at the wounded man with wide frightened eyes.

"Mrs. Hood!" Hilda cried. "How did he get away?"

The woman gaped in astonishment. "Hilda! Hilda Lund! How did you get here?"

"We were passing through—my husband and I. Mrs. Hood, how did Keeland escape?"

"He struck down Jack Curry and took the keys and a gun and he's gone. There's Jack—they're taking him out. He shot several times at Keeland. They think he hit him. Keeland took Frank Leiser's roadster. They're after him now. Hilda, however did you—"

"Keeland is hurt?"

"They think so. Jack Curry thinks he hit him."

"Oh—"

"When they catch him they'll save the county trial expenses. I know these men. They'll bring him—dead." The woman grinned—sardonic mirth, hers.

"That's right!" cried a hurrying man with a shotgun.

THE girl left Mrs. Hood, still babbling, and ran with little clicking steps to the car. Again she seemed to have forgotten her husband. He caught at her, and she pulled away. She threw herself into the driver's seat.

"Wait, Hilda! What are you going to do?"

Scarcely was he in the door when she started so suddenly that Brent was forced to cling to the side of the windshield. The wheels spun around. The car swerved wildly, then straightened. It shot down the street.

"What are you doing, Hilda? Answer me!"

His hand was stretching toward the ignition key.

"Don't touch that," she said. "Don't touch it!"

They were on a narrow road. Hilda's face was set; she grasped the steering wheel savagely. The speedometer registered fifty-five, sixty.

"Have you gone crazy?" Brent shouted.

She did not take her eyes from the road. It curved, became little more than a path. They struck a bump, jolted over it, sped on. A branch of a tree scraped the car.

God! Brent thought. I'm beaten. I'm finished. There isn't anything I can say to my wife, nor will there ever be.

He did not know the girl with him. Her hair streamed in the wind. Her eyes glared hungrily ahead.

Now they must be several miles from Oakville. Brent looked back to see whether any other cars were trailing. He saw none. He faced ahead again, and it seemed that a monstrous trunk of a tree was bent across the road directly in front of them.

"Hilda, for God's sake!" he yelled.

But she knew of this too. She slammed on the brakes, twisted the wheel. On the right appeared another path, no wider than the car. They skidded into it.

Slower now, because haste was impossible. Hilda gazed intently at the brush on either side. Brent heard her murmur: "Along here some place. The rock—"

"Is that what you're looking for?" asked Brent.

A huge boulder rose on the right, higher than a man. It rested among the trees.

Hilda was trembling as she stopped the car. For a moment she pressed her palms against her face hard, then jerked her head back and opened the car door. Her hands were clenched.

SHE called softly: "Keeland!"

Waited. Her body was arched, her head thrust forward. She repeated the name.

A sound, as of some one crawling, came from behind the rock. The girl stumbled toward it.

"Keeland!" she called again, louder, wilder, this time.

Brent did not speak. He was in this scene but not of it. Stiff-legged he followed his wife through the trees to the other side of the boulder.

A man was crouched in the hollow space between the boulder and the earth. He wore no coat. His left sleeve was soaked with blood. In his right hand was a gun, held unwaveringly.

"Stand still!" he ordered harshly. "Who the hell—"

"Keeland, Keeland!" Hilda cried. "Don't you know me? Oh, I knew you'd be here—at our stone—where we used to come on those afternoons in the summer."

The man stared at her unbelievingly. His large head, with its dark thick hair, twitched a bit to one side in a peculiar animal-like motion. He was surprised, and frightened, and dangerous. In his deep-set eyes glowed a warning.

"Don't try to—" he began, and then sudden understanding and relief flooded him and he gasped: "Hilda Lund!"

"Yes, of course, Keeland!" the girl exclaimed hysterically. "Oh, I'm so sorry for you! Your arm—is it bad, Keeland? Does it hurt you much?"

"Not much." He lowered the gun, again made that queer gesture with his head. "But I don't get it. How did you come here? How did you know I'd be here?"

"I—"

Then Gilson saw Brent, who had been partly hidden by the rock. The gun came up.

"No!" Hilda screamed. "Don't shoot him! Don't, Keeland!"

"Who is he?" The weapon still threatened; the gray eyes were narrowed.

"He's my husband. I married in New York five years ago—don't you remember? This is my husband."

The gun wavered.

Gilson asked childishly, "Your husband?" as though such a ridiculous thing could not be, as though Hilda were fooling him. He stood upright and laughed. His head went back and he laughed heartily. "Your husband—this guy!" he said. He thrust the gun in his back pocket and slapped his thigh in great amusement. "Well, what do you know!"

Brent saw how powerful the man was as he stood there. His neck and shoulders were ugly with muscle. His body

was firm as one of those tree trunks. His face, square, was hard and implacable as the huge boulder itself. Did Hilda ever love this man? Brent thought sickeningly. But then he was able to sense a definite youthfulness in Gilson, a tide of recklessness and gay bravery, an impudence that might indeed thrill the heart of a romantic girl. He said calmly:

"My name is Brent. I'd advise you to give up. The whole town's after you, and by this time the police in other towns and states."

Gilson gazed at him contemptuously. "So you'd advise me to give up, hey? Sure, that's what you'd do, all right. Listen—when I walked into the sheriff's office I was crazy, d'ya see? Crazy! Didn't know what I was doin'. But I came to in jail—sobered up. An' I planned this escape right. While everybody was in church. They're awful religious in Oakville." He grinned. "Ain't they, Hilda?"

"Yes, Keeland," she replied weakly.

"Sure. Hal Rotan was religious too—he used to—well, the hell with him! I put his number up. Say, Hilda!" He stared at her eagerly, in pleased astonishment. "You're still a swell-lookin' gal, you know that? You're a honey! An' you remembered our stone, an' decided I'd come here. God, this is great!" He moved his shoulders ecstatically. "This is fine!"

"Something told me you would—as soon as I heard you got away, I thought you'd be here—" She was talking rapidly, seeking to dispel her sudden strange fear of this man.

"Yeah. Well, you thought right. You got a good memory."

Brent, watching them silently, felt a quick stab of anguish. It was his protest, his anger at these memories of hers, that brought them here. Why had he not borne them tolerantly? What did it matter if his friends smiled sardonically as Hilda told her cherished story of her conquests in Oakville—of Hal Rotan and Gilson—this hulking murderer who now faced them in this quiet forest?

"An' you remember the spring back there?" Gilson went on. "That's why I came. I knew I'd need water. This"—he tapped his injured arm—"makes a guy pretty thirsty. I ditched Leiser's car a mile ahead, an' came back here to wait for night. But now I won't have to." He paused and stepped toward Hilda. "Gee, baby," he said in a wondering voice, "I'd forgotten how swell you looked!"

Hilda retreated, trying to conceal the fright which showed plainly in her eyes. "We only came to help you," she whispered. "I guessed—why you shot Hal—"

"Gilson," Brent said sharply, "it's useless to attempt escape. If you return to Oakville I'll do what I can for you. A lawyer—"

"A lawyer!" Gilson sneered. "Don't be silly! You've got a car, haven't you—one they're not lookin' for? You an' me, Hilda, will go in that. We can get away easy." He paused once more and gazed at the girl. "Gosh, you sure are a honey, kid!"

"Keeland, please—"

He was close to her, and arrogantly encircled her waist with his arm. She pressed with futile hands against his chest and begged: "Don't, Keeland! Can't you understand?"

Brent sprang forward. "Let her alone!" he yelled, grasping Gilson's shoulder.

The man stared at him in astonishment, as he might at a puppy that bared his teeth in resenting a kick. He laughed, and releasing Hilda he swept Brent aside easily. Brent fell against the rock.

"Never mind him," Gilson muttered. "You an' me—"

"Keeland, what's the matter with you?" Hilda cried wildly. "We only came here to help you! Oh, why are you this way? Don't you see—"

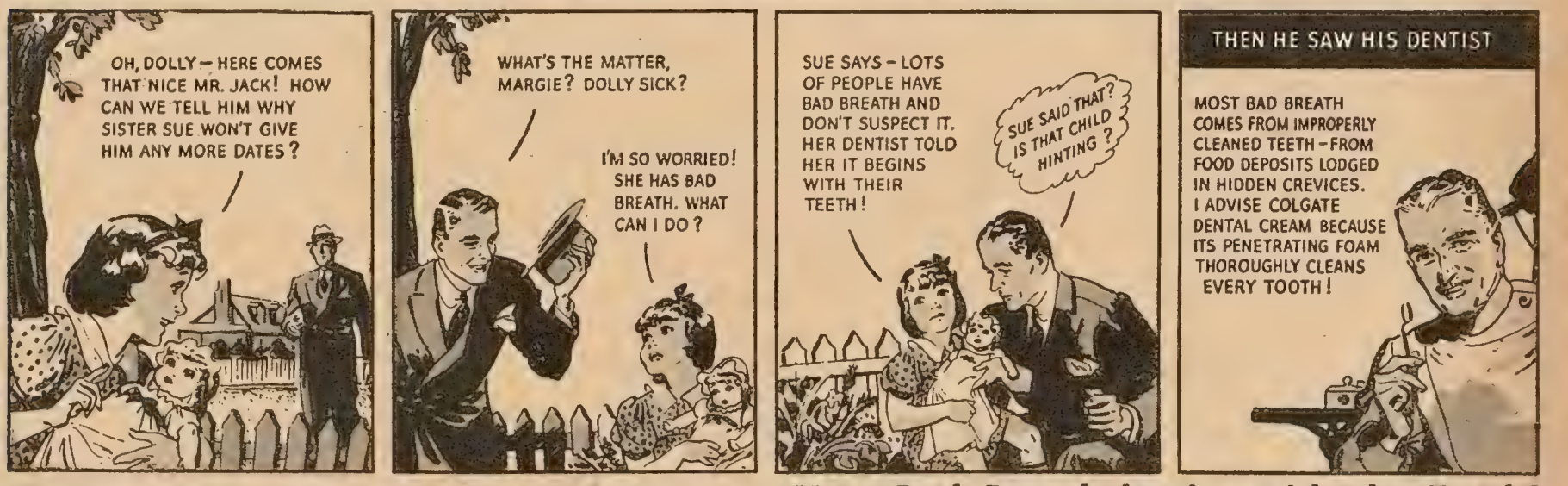
"I see everything!" he exulted. "You got tired of your little fatty husband an' came back to me. O. K.—we'll go places."

He seized her again. Brent was lying near the stone, dazed, a small cut on his head.

"Don't, Keeland!" Hilda gasped. "Oh."

His unshaven face was fumbling for her terrified one.

LITTLE MARGIE MAKES A MATCH!


OH, DOLLY – HERE COMES THAT NICE MR. JACK! HOW CAN WE TELL HIM WHY SISTER SUE WON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE DATES?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARGIE? DOLLY SICK?
I'M SO WORRIED! SHE HAS BAD BREATH. WHAT CAN I DO?
SUE SAYS – LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE BAD BREATH AND DON'T SUSPECT IT. HER DENTIST TOLD HER IT BEGINS WITH THEIR TEETH!
SUE SAID THAT? IS THAT CHILD HINTING?
THEN HE SAW HIS DENTIST
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH – FROM FOOD DEPOSITS LODGED IN HIDDEN CREVICES. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS EVERY TOOTH!
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Brent heard Hilda scream in horror. Desperately he struggled to his feet and threw himself upon Gilson.

The man pushed Hilda from him and with a hoarse growl swung into the encounter. Disdaining the use of his fist, he brought his elbow up savagely and smashed Brent on the chin. Brent went down.

"Arthur!" Hilda shrieked.

"You damn little mutt!" Gilson exclaimed viciously. "You want to die?"

Reaching down, he caught Brent and flung him outward, away from the rock, toward the road.

"You want to die?" he demanded again, striding after his victim.

Brent did not reply. He could not. He was on his hands and knees in the road. Gilson was standing over him. Pitifully Brent crawled in the dirt, got up—a fat grotesque figure—and came at Gilson.

"You damned fool!" Gilson yelled, and clubbed him down with his fist. As he lay there he kicked him.

Sobbing her husband's name, Hilda hammered Gilson's massive back with her clenched hands. She might as well have hammered the boulder. In her terror she continued this useless tattoo, uttering "Arthur!" over and over. He neither heard her voice nor felt her blows.

"Get up, mutt!" Gilson gritted. "Get up and I'll kill you!"

Brent got up.

Hilda screamed once, and dropped her hands. She gazed about frantically. The car was a short distance from her. Choking, sobbing, she ran toward it. She fell into the driver's seat.

Turning on the ignition, she pressed the starter, threw the gears into second. Relentlessly she thrust the accelerator to the floor.

As the car leaped forward, Gilson crashed a blow to Brent's head that sent him spinning into the bushes. Then he reached for the gun in his pocket.

Blinded with rage, he did not see the auto hurtling toward him. Snarling, he stood in its path, immense shoulders bunched, gun raised, oblivious to all but the desire to kill. And thus he stood when the car struck him full. A sound of sudden agony bubbled in his throat. He was dashed fiercely to the ground. The two right wheels passed over him. On the car went, crazily, until Hilda's foot slipped from the gas pedal and her head dropped on her arms.

The bumper touched a tree and the machine halted. After a long moment Hilda raised her head. She looked back. Arthur Brent was walking toward her unsteadily. Behind him, in the road, was the dead man. . . .

As Hilda bathed her husband's face at the spring she wasweeping softly.

"I killed him," she whispered. "I killed a man!"

"You saved my life," Brent said gently.

"He's lying in the road—"

"If you hadn't done it I would be dead."

She gazed at him piteously. "I had to do it, didn't I?"

"Yes, you had to do it. Don't think about it, darling. Come. We'll go back to Oakville and tell them. I'm all right now."

"Oh, my dear!"

Never in all their moments of intimacy had Brent seen such love as was in her eyes then. . . .

Hilda remained in the car while Brent went in the small office of the jail and told them that Gilson was dead beside the great stone in the woods. He said simply that they found him there as they were taking a short cut to the main road. He explained his own hurts by saying he had fallen in his excitement when getting out of the car. They did not press him for details. All they cared about was to know that Gilson was dead.

ON his way out Brent stopped and asked a man at the desk:

"Why did Gilson kill Rotan?"

"Over a new dame in town," the man answered. "Mary Donner. Gilson's been pretty bad anyhow, on account of the drink, an' when this dame told him she was through with him he got it in his head that Rotan was the reason. Wasn't, o' course. Hal never even went with her. He was respectable. Nice feller. Too bad."

"Thanks," said Brent, and went out to his wife.

He wanted to leave Oakville behind as quickly as possible. He got on the main road and stepped his pace up to sixty. Hilda put her head back and drank in the flower-scented breeze. She said to Brent:

"Can we go faster?"

"Better not," he replied. "Road isn't so good."

"Arthur," she said, moving closer to him, "wasn't it horrible!"

"Pretty awful, Hilda."

"I never want to see or hear of Oakville again." She clasped her hands tightly. "It seems like fifty years since I've lived in Oakville, not five! This Keeland was another man—some one I had never seen. When I drove the car at him I only saw a man who was trying to injure you." A shuddering breath and she continued: "But listen a moment. The reason I used to talk so much about —those people—Arthur, it was because I thought I could get you to love me more that way. I guess I wanted to make you jealous. I was afraid you were disappointed in me after you married me. In New York—everything was so different—I was afraid you didn't love me there. I wanted you so to love me. *Do* you understand, Arthur?"

"Yes, darling, of course I do. But I never stopped loving you. In New York one gets callous toward the little things—the things that really count. I should have understood you. I didn't try hard enough. I'm sorry, darling. I think we were both rather fools."

"Yes," she nodded gravely. "But no more!"

"No, never any more. That's finished."

Hilda put her hand on his arm. She asked him, with a little quiver in her voice, as though she were a bit ashamed:

"Do you think, Arthur, that Keeland really killed Hal—because he —because I—"

"He may have, darling," he said.

She settled back with a sigh. Arthur thought: I'll let her have that. Women need those memories, for courage.

Ahead was a roadside stand. Brent halted the car. As they got out, Hilda's hand in his, they were both quite happy.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Is a hart an animal, a bird, or a fish?

2—Which of these words is misspelled: picnicking, harass, rarefy, vilify, embarass, innuendo?

3—Is chiromancy a form of witchcraft, surgery, or chemistry?

4—Where, in a stock exchange, is the *seat* a member buys?

5—Is a trencherman a ditch digger, a great eater, a soldier fighting in the trenches, or a trench-digging machine?

6—Is Gaetano Rapagnetta a celebrated artist, author, aviator, or cleric?

7—To what does pelagic refer?

8—What is the difference between a carousal and a carrousel?

9—What nation maintains the ice patrol in the North Atlantic Ocean during the iceberg season?

10—Is a journeyman a tourist guide, a traveling salesman, or some one making a journey?

11—Is a young turkey called a chick, a chirper, a peeper, or a poult?

12—How is heteroplasty used in the building of a house?

13—Is a Cypriote a variety of fruit, or a human being?

14—A pyrometer is what?

15—What commonly used English word, always pronounced the same, has four widely different meanings?

16—Is a toxophilite a member of a religious, medical, or scientific order?

17—What Mexican-born movie star changed his name because he claimed that Americans could not pronounce it?

18—What is a *Cimex lectularius?* Is it a plant, bird, or fish?

19—A boxer, or wrestler, weighing not more than 115 pounds is called what in the United States?

20—Is a zaptiah an animal found in the United States, Canada, or Mexico or is it found in Europe?

(Answers will be found on page 29)

LOOKING FORWARD to OLD AGE

A Glance into the Future and a Chart for the Course Ahead

by ANNA ROOSEVELT BOETTIGER

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ONE more year and I'll be thirty! And then, they tell me, before you know it you're forty. And in the wink of an eyelid you've accumulated half a century. There's something about being fifty that makes people contemplate old age and what they're going to do about it.

There's lots of planned education for being a baby and an adolescent and a wife and a mother, but I've yet to see the course, Happy and Satisfactory Old Age. I'm seriously considering planning such a course for myself right now, and starting to get busy on it.

To be perfectly frank, we all know some old people who are problems; their feelings are always slighted, they feel left out, and they seem to realize that their relationships with those younger than themselves have become perfunctory.

Then there's the other type—the seventy-year-old who is always welcome, whose age is an asset because of the tolerance and good humor he has learned through experience. He has acquired a charming detachment and doesn't threaten that the world is about to cave in because things aren't done in exactly the same way they were when he "was a boy."

Now, how am I going to grow into that kind of old lady? What cues can I get from these old people whom I admire so much? First and foremost, they seem self-sufficient. Throughout their lives they have built up interests which they can maintain in old age. They are not jealous of young people and their activities and friends.

One old lady of whom I am very fond enjoys her garden and doesn't look at me reproachfully when I cannot remember the name of her favorite perennial. When I tell her about a grand cross-country ride I had in the early morning, she doesn't sigh and say, "I did that once, too."

Instead she draws me out to tell of my adventures. The conversation switches to an interesting article she's recently read about a group of coal miners who have just vacated a dingy mining town for country subsistence homes.

Yes, I'm going to keep my weather eye open for hobbies which aren't limited to physical energy and youth.

I'm going to guard against being jealous of people who have things which I haven't, because old age is sometimes jealous of youth.

I'm consciously going to cultivate the habit of enjoying the time which I spend alone. It's easy to fall into the habit of counting on constant companionship.

I'm going to give my prejudices a thorough inspection before I air them to those younger than I.

I'm going to try to do more listening than talking when my children and grandchildren bring startling ideas to my fireside. And I'm darned if I'll let them see I'm shocked! (If I am.)

The first time I ever catch myself being a "martyr" I'm going to give myself the third degree and parole myself on good behavior.

I'm going to develop what little knowledge I have of handicraft — knitting, pottery, and weaving. I might look into bookbinding.

I'm going to see that my children get more and more independent of me, and I less and less dependent on them, so that when I'm old I won't be spending my time waiting for the telephone or doorbell to ring. They'll be my luxury and not my sole reason for keeping on.

As for physical health, I'll remember that even small details of health which I could safeguard now may develop into major inconveniences when I'm double my age. So I'll keep that regular appointment with the dentist and have the oculist check me over once in a while. I want to be working on all cylinders when I count the decades on both hands.

Does it all sound a little smug? It's not meant to! I don't want suddenly to find that I'm old and don't know how to be.

Naturally, I'm not spending a great amount of time thinking about it, but I am aware of it.

My family tree shows long-lived branches. With all due apologies, life may begin at forty, and I want mine to be going strong at eighty.

I'll get my reward if, when I'm in some cozy old ladies' home, the efficient attendant points me out and says:

"See number one sixteen? She's a good egg. No special trouble at all."

THE END

Relax YOUR SOUL

"Hit Her Like a Gentleman," Bill Was Told—but How Can You Hit a Moonbeam? . . . Well, It Works Itself Out in This Joyous Tale of Love and a Girl with Green Eyes

by PAUL GALLICO

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

BILL WILLIAMS folded the five fingers of his right hand into a large bony fist and contemplated the weapon for a still moment. He also contemplated Esme, sitting small, lovely, short-haired, red-mouthed, exasperating, on the edge of the divan, her small stubborn chin cupped in both hands, her sea-green eyes looking through him. He was remembering what his father had once told him. His father had said: "William, my boy, never strike a woman with the open hand. They do not appreciate it and their dignity and feelings are liable to be injured. Always close the fingers first and strike with the fore part of the knuckles as prescribed in the excellent rules laid down by the Marquis of Queensberry. Aim for the jaw, where it will not leave a mark, and she will thank you for it. You will also thank me for this advice."

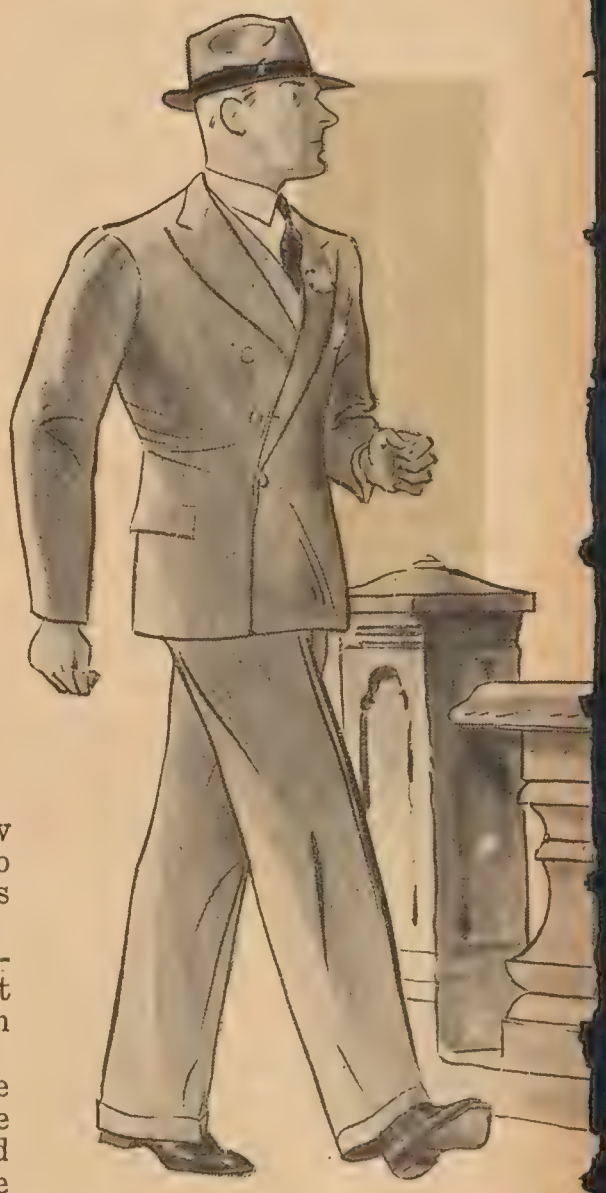
Bill Williams loved Esme Barrett so much that he was inordinately tempted to let her have it. But she was a hundred and ten pounds of nothing, of swansdown or marabou, or moonbeam wrapped in spun glass, or froth on the top of a curling comber. A punch would have to be pulled mightily not to destroy her.

"Look, darling!" he said. "Haven't you had enough of this cheesecloth chasing? I reckon I'm the only person who has ever seen you with any clothes on. Every time a picture of you is published you are trying to catch up with a piece of ribbon or an oversized gas balloon on somebody's front lawn. Honey, it's time to get dressed and come home. Haven't I loved you on the level now for four years? Didn't I once even go so far as to put on a leopard skin and chase you around Mrs. Peabody's garden to get you to marry me? And didn't it take me two years to live it down? And don't you always come up with some new and higher form of hop, step, and jump when I suggest matrimony?"

Esme, without moving, turned her large gray-green eyes toward the young man with the broad shoulders and the slim waist and said, "Bill dear, don't be immature."

The five fingers on the young man's right hand convulsed involuntarily again. But he went on:

"Look, sweet. Everybody knows you've got the morning, afternoon, and evening of a faun licked to a frazzle. You have done flying leaps over potted plants on every millionaire's estate around here. You've had lessons in front-lawn hopping, beach skipping, and aesthetic cooch dancing from every bughouse nightie prancer in town. It's got so that every time anybody happens to start something by Chopin on the piano you get up out of your chair and start to be the dying swan. If I wasn't in the advertising department of the Star-Gazette, and if Hawkins on the picture desk wasn't a pal and a fraternity brother of mine, they'd have run that last picture you sent them for the roto section over the caption, Invitation to the Bath. Now you've got to open a studio and teach other nitwits to—"



She was screaming because the name of the young man swinging up the street jauntily was William W. Williams.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

"Bill Williams," interrupted Esme coldly, "don't you dare call it cooch dancing."

"Lissen, sister! On the level, I'd have a lot more respect for you if you'd wear tights and do snake hips or a time step in the chorus. Looka, honey. You know I love you, don't you?"

Esme said nothing.

"And you know you love me, don't you?"

Esme said very distinctly, "No, I do not."

"Well, you did when I first came here—"

Esme, with a definite recollection of having kissed him and clung to him on his arrival, had to say, "Y-y-e-s—"

"Sure you do. I'm just what you need. Big, strong, intelligent, ugly in a handsome sort of way, loving disposition, earning a large salary which is going to get larger. Now why don't you—"

Esme interrupted again. She wasn't smiling. She said, "Bill Williams, you don't understand me. You never will. I'm going to teach eurythmics. I've got to. It's—

oh, it's freed me. There must be others I can free. People want to express themselves. I can help them. I've got a message for everybody. I want the world to relax. I want it to flow. I want it to feel rhythm. I—" She stopped. Mr. Williams was standing up, looking at her from underneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. He had gray eyes, a mussy mop of hair, and a craggy boyish face. His right hand was clenched again and he was smacking it into his left palm with little sharp noises. He said:

"Esme, when I first knew you, you used to be able to laugh a lot. I guess four years of bedspread dancing has just about ironed the humor and sweetness out of you.

hanks for the ride this far, sister, but I'm getting off here. Good luck with your damned studio. I hope you free a lot of people. Mr. Bill Williams is free right now. Either you quit these public exhibitions of the body of the girl I love and marry me or I'm out of it. Get it?"

Esme said, "Bill Williams, you are gross, stupid, and undeveloped. I despise you. You didn't have a hat, did you?"

Esme's Studio of Pre-Eurythmic Dancing and Self-Development, on West Seventy-eighth Street, opened with a gorgeous splash of headlines and newspaper publicity: Traction Magnate's Daughter Weds Terpsichore—Society Girl to Teach Soul Relaxation. Walter Winchell wrote: "Esme (Traction) Barrett and Bill (Star-Gazette ad-getter) Williams, who were headed for plenty of matrimony, aren't." The rotos gave Esme a full-page spread draped in various soul-relaxing poses.

Old O. G. Barrett, Esme's father, complained bitterly to Bill Williams that he had to pay upward of three thousand dollars for a page of space that Esme seemed to be able to get for nothing. Mr. Williams replied equally as bitterly something to the effect that if O. G. were to prance around the lobby of the Barrett Building in his shorts pursuing a balloon or waving a bunch of peonies he could like as not get a little free space himself. He then reached for his hat. But old O. G., instead of hurling a humidor at his head, strangely, leaned over and patted Mr. Williams's shoulder and sighed. After that, O. G. produced a bottle of Napoleon brandy, and the two men sat together in his office for three hours and had a long heart-to-heart talk.

Bill Williams was not present at the grand party and barefoot blowout that attended the opening of Esme's studio, and a faint tinge of uneasiness overlay Esme's excitement. However, her uneasiness vanished in her delight over the success of her interpretation of Cotytto and the Phrygian Faun. The excitement over, she settled down to await clients, and also the arrival of Mr. Bill Williams, who, she figured, would be in almost any day. But Mr. Williams wasn't.

The first day a nervous mouselike woman brought her anemic and ratty-looking little daughter to be built up, but balked when she heard the price that Esme demanded to free the obvious something that was in Myrtle and wouldn't come out. The second day, seven of her friends dropped in and raved about her studio, which was done in red, gold, and silver. The third day, the bell rang but it was only a reporter. Later an iceman wanted to know where to leave fifteen pounds of ice for a party named Briggers. There was then a desultory gap when nobody came, not even a photographer.

ON the twelfth day, however, the front doorbell rang firmly, violently, and masculinely. Esme's secretary was at the movies, a pastime for which she had a pronounced predilection. Esme ran down two steps at a time, hoping that it would be Bill Williams; knowing that it would be Bill Williams. She composed her features into what she hoped was a neat combination of secret sorrow, injured dignity, and a disposition to forgive, forget, and cuddle. She fluffed her hair once and then threw the door wide with a majestic movement to receive the repentant Williams. Only it was not Mr. William W. Williams. It was, instead, an amazing, an imposing, a stupendous figure of a man. A strange man.

He stood some six feet three inches in height, had a chest like a hogshead, an enormous square-shaped head with a large bristle mustache. His hair was sand-colored and was concealed beneath a large black bowler hat but revealed by the wisps that thrust out from beneath the edges. He had enormous light-blue eyes that were as fresh and innocent as those of a young dog. His neck was bound with a narrow white shiny material, obviously a cellulose composition, and from it a blue wash necktie ran, or rather fell, limply like a piece of string down the front of a blue-denim shirt. His suit of blue serge, too, shone brilliantly. But most tremendous of all were his feet. They were clad in bright-yellow shoes.

Esme's heart sank with disappointment. It was obviously another error in location. But she said politely, "Ah—how do you do?" and smiled sweetly.

"Yus!" replied the man, and returned the smile.

"Ah—did you wish to see me?" inquired Esme.

"Yus!"

There was a pause in which the man removed the hat from his head. The hair was neatly plastered down at the center. Esme said, "Well—er—won't you come in?"

"Yus!" said the man. They went in. In the anteroom to the studio, Esme turned and faced him resolutely from behind a small desk. He loomed over her like an elephant on the screen charging into the camera. She began, "What—I mean who are you—ah—"

A wide semitriumphant smile suddenly blazed across the man's red expanse of face. "Ploomer!" he said.

"Oh," said Esme, "but nothing's leaking."

The smile of triumph remained on the stranger's face. Only he produced two large reddish hams from behind his back which turned out to be empty hands. He exhibited them to Esme. "That's goot," he said; "I don't bringing anything along."

"Well, then," began Esme, and began to move hintingly toward the door, "there has been some—"

THE man carefully set his black derby down upon the table and made no move to depart. "You learn how to dancing like it says in the paper?" he inquired.

"Why—ah, yes—yes indeed. Certainly. Did—"

The broad red face was thrust forward.

"Learn me," he said.

The apparition had obviously mistaken her studio for one of the many dancing schools that occupied second stories along upper Broadway. She laughed deprecatingly and said, "Of course. Ah—" He looked so innocent and expectant that she had not the heart to tell him he had made a mistake. She said, "Are you sure you wish to study with me? You see, my fee is rather high and—"

"Vee?" inquired the man blandly.

"I mean what I get—that is, what I charge—"

The man gave a coy little cough. "Oh," he said. "Yus!" and buried one of the large red hands deep into a trouser pocket. When it reappeared it was wrapped around an enormous roll of green and yellow bills. He looked at Esme archly and said, "How mooch?"

It was time, Esme thought, to discourage him. She said firmly, "One hundred dollars a lesson." It was her fee for an entire course.

"Yus," stated the man. He removed the rubber band from the roll and, with thumb and forefinger that looked as though two frankfurters had suddenly become animated, leafed through the sheaf. "Vun, dwo, dree, vour, and vun more is vife. Vife dimes twendy iss hoondred. Hoondred iss right." He snapped the rubber band back in place with a double hitch, stowed the roll back in his pocket, and handed the five twenty-dollar bills to Esme with the benign air of a Sunday-school teacher presenting the prize Bible.

"Ah-h-h-h," she bleated a little plaintively, "th-thank you. Will you write your name here, please?" She presented her little black book. He took the pen and turned his benign smile upon Esme again.

"Chust ligk a hotel," he said.

"Wha-what?"

"Rechister," he declared and wrote hugely, "Hjalmar Lorsen." Having "rechistered," Mr. Lorsen suddenly turned upon Esme with the manner of one who feels that the ice is broken.

"Tchu know," he declared, "I'm too vat."

Esme tried to look noncommittal. Mr. Lorsen took it that she wanted proof. "Look," he said confidingly. "Zee?" He suddenly unbuttoned his blue-serge coat and laid his hands upon an undeniable billow that rolled outward from his chest and receded a little later toward his shoes.

Esme had suddenly gone a little numb and cold. For the first time she realized horribly and chillingly that the five small rectangles of green and crackly paper that she held in her fingers had committed her irrevocably to instruct a strange and enormous plumber to become a faun, to become free, to flow with the world. The imp in her brain, the particular one that Bill Williams used to love, four years dormant, suddenly woke up, stretched, and upon the somewhat frightened blank that was her

mind quickly sketched an outline of Mr. Lorsen as a eurythmic faun.

Mr. Lorsen was carrying on placidly and engagingly. "Vat," he repeated. "And so Minna—Minna iss my vife—Minna says, 'You learn to dancing. We can dancing together and you get zin.'"

"Ah—Mr. Lorsen, of course. But you know it isn't ordinary dancing I teach. That is to say—"

"Oh," said Mr. Lorsen deprecatingly. "Oh, ordinary dancing I can. So!" Here he raised an enormous foot from the ground, replaced it, lifted the other, replaced it a little faster, lifted the first one again, all without moving from the spot. Mr. Lorsen pulled up a shade on the winded side. "But Minna iss ashamed," he continued. "She reading in the papers where you are learning to dancing, and says go. So I am now!"

The money in her fingers hypnotized Esme. She said, "Come into the studio. The dressing room opens off there on the right. Did—have—I mean have you a suit or something?"

Mr. Lorsen turned a kindly eye upon her. "Oh, yus," he declared, and pointed brightly to his shiny blue coat. "Tchu know, I got it zevven years ago at a vire sale. It wears ligk iron. Veel." He pinched up a piece of his coat sleeve and offered it to Esme, who "velt" while Mr. Lorsen beamed upon her. The "veeling" over, he followed Esme meekly enough into the large red-gold-and-silver studio, the floor of which was covered by a thick yellow carpet.

Esme wondered with a sudden pang where Bill Williams was at the moment and if he were liable to drop in. She offered up a little prayer that he be in Detroit, or Pittsburgh, or Honolulu, or home in bed with a broken leg. "You can fix up in there," said Esme, pointing to a little room behind a curtain that opened off from the far end. "You'll—er—find some things hanging up, I think. I don't know if they'll fit. Do the best you can and we'll begin."

Mr. Lorsen obediently pulled aside the curtain and entered. Esme sat down at the piano and played a few bars softly while she waited. She stopped suddenly when she realized she had been playing Debussy's L'Après-midi d'un Faun.

Esme played a little trill up near the top of the piano to steady her nerves. "Ready?" she called. The top of the grand piano was up and she hardly dared to look around it.

"Yus!" stated Mr. Lorsen, but not quite as definitely as before. Esme drew a deep breath and looked. Outside of having plastered the errant and colored wisps of hair down more smoothly he was as before—blue-serge suit, yellow shoes, shiny collar.

"But—" said Esme.

There was a silence. Mr. Lorsen tactfully came to the rescue.

"YOU shood him yourself?" he inquired.

"Shoot what?" blurted Esme nervously.

"The leppert," said Mr. Lorsen sternly.

"What lep— Oh!" And then again "Oh!" Esme subsided weakly. He was obviously referring to the thing that hung on the hook in the little room and which played a more or less prominent part in the faun's afternoon.

"My brother-in-law in Sweden haff a leppert garpet he shood," declared Mr. Lorsen. It was evident that he felt more comfortable when he was conversing.

"Well," began Esme, feeling that she must give the man something for his money. "We must begin."

She crashed a major chord. "Can you relax?" she asked.

"Yus!" said Mr. Lorsen.

This was something of a blow to Esme. By rights he should have hesitated to reply, or denied that he could, in which case she could have swung into her opening speech:

"Relaxation is the beginning, the middle, and the end," etc., etc.

"Let—let me see you relax," ordered Esme.

Mr. Lorsen's pale-blue eyes looked at Esme shyly and then dropped. "Oh, no," he said, "I couldn't."

"But you must. Really you must," insisted Esme. "Relaxation is the—"

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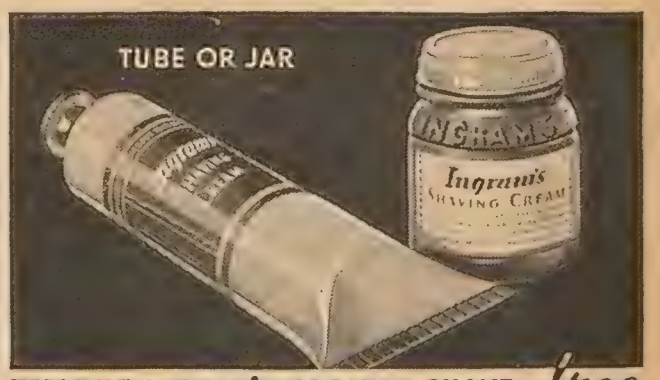

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But Mr. Lorsen had not yet finished. "I couldn't relaxing here. I only relaxing when I am home."

"No, oh, no, no! No, no, please. I mean loose, free, supple—every muscle relaxed and limber, see?" With an arm and shoulder Esme demonstrated a loose, supple, and limber muscle.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lorsen, with a knowing smile that verged upon the arch. "You mean to shimmying. Yus!" Then he added, "But I don't doing."

Esme felt stumped. "No?" she said weakly.

"No," replied Mr. Lorsen conclusively.

They looked at each other blankly for a moment. "Well," said Mr. Lorsen with no particular inflection, "I guess I going."

"But you haven't done anything yet!" protested Esme.

Her mind and conscience were still on the five twenty-dollar bills that she had accepted. "Mr. Lorsen—please wait—wait just a minute. At least I can show you what I'm driving at, what this is about. You've got to get something for your money. Wait, please." She sprang up from the piano and ran out of the room. Mr. Lorsen said, "I wait," and sat down.

When Esme returned, suddenly a little pale and breathless, she was clad in something white and filmy that seemed to be fastened precariously to one shoulder, came down diagonally across her chest, did its best to work around her hips, visited the top of one knee, and let it go at that.

Mr. Lorsen rose straight up into the air.

"Shoomping shiminy!" he said and clamped the derby on to his head with both hands.

"Excuse me?" said Esme, startled.

"Oh," said Mr. Lorsen, simply horrified. "Oh! Have you no shaming?"

"What *are* you talking about?" inquired Esme blankly.

"Oh!" repeated Mr. Lorsen, still in capital letters. "I going, please! To luring so. Oh, shame!"

It was the first time in her life that any one had ever called to Esme's attention the fact that she hadn't very many clothes on. A wave of rage and choking anger poured over her.

"Wait—wait! You don't understand! Please!"

Mr. Lorsen was hunting for the door, muttering, "To luring so—to luring so." He found it and hurled his frame through it, shoulders square—and stuck. Esme dived for his collar with a lovely leap, screaming, "Wait—wait! Oh, you fool, you lout! Wait! Let me show you!"

"Ohno, ohno!" shouted Mr. Lorsen methodically, just that way. "I seeing too much already. Oh, Gott! It's good that Minna isn't here. I getting out. Hah!"

The last explosive outburst came as he turned to extricate himself from the door and spied Esme's little black book on the anteroom desk. He dived for it. "Leave that alone!" cried Esme fiercely, and dived for it too.

WITH each securely gripping half of it, there then began a slow, methodical sort of ring-around-a-rosy dance. Esme was quite correctly attired for it, but it must be remembered that Mr. Lorsen was not. His great face turned from pink to carmine and from carmine to magenta and great Koh-i-noors of perspiration began to bead his furrowed brow.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh," he chanted. "I writing my name in it. I get it back!"

"Leggo! Leggo, you fool!" wailed Esme.

"Not leggo." Mr. Lorsen quickened the tempo.

"Ow! Ouch!" howled Esme. "Get off my feet!"

Mr. Lorsen withdrew his yellow brogans but held on to his half of the black book. He said, "Police, police," very quietly a couple of times, like a radio announcer testing, and then he called it again at the top of his enormous lungs, "POLICE! POLICE!" in a voice that sounded like the Berengaria coming up the bay in a fog.

Blind with rage, Esme suddenly let go her half of the book and groped on the desk for something. Mr. Lorsen tucked the prize under one arm and reached for the front door. He had just yanked it open when a one-hundred-and-ten-pound fluff ball of fury hit him between the shoulders and spun him around, spilling him neatly on the top step.

"You fool—you fool! You big lummox!" shouted Esme and hurled something at Mr. Lorsen. The approximate tableau that greeted the outraged eyes of Patrolman Holmquist was a large red-faced man upside down on a flight of stone steps, groping for what seemed to be twenty-dollar bills, and a pretty girl in what seemed to be an insufficient and rather ill-fitting nightgown, bare-legged and barefooted, standing framed in the doorway emitting piercing screams. That she was screaming at that particular moment because the name of the young man he noticed swinging up the street jauntily was William W. Williams, Patrolman Holmquist had no way of knowing.

To Patrolman Holmquist, to see was to act. He charged up the steps, bestowing in passing a swipe with his nightstick at the head of the descending Mr. Lorsen, which delivered him to the bottom in position, and nicely chilled, ready for the stretcher bearer of the ambulance that would arrive shortly, due to the foresight and good taste of the public-spirited citizen who stepped into a corner telephone booth and called up. Arriving at the top of the steps where Esme was standing, by now quite paralyzed, he seized her by one arm and said, "Hah! Vice!"

PAUL GALLICO
well known column conductor and sports expert, has turned in recent years to writing magazine articles and fiction. He is a graduate of Columbia University, where he was active in athletics, and makes his home in New York City.

ESME found her voice but said the wrong thing. "Imbecile!" she shouted.

"Now, now, sister," said Patrolman Holmquist soothingly. "One more crack outa you and I'll smack you lopsided. And this is a nice respectable neighborhood with a lot of fine families living here." A number of the fine families were hanging out of windows and crowding on to doorsteps. "Fine families living here," he repeated a little louder, and then said to Esme in an undertone, "Have you seen the boss, or do you think you can get away with this stuff around here?"

Esme sent up a wail: "Bill! Bill! Help! Officer, Mr. Williams, there, knows me."

"I don't doubt it," said Patrolman Holmquist. He turned, however, to Mr. Williams, who had joined the crowd gathered in front of the house and around the still chilled Mr. Lorsen, and said, "Do you know this dame?"

Mr. Williams neither affirmed nor denied. He merely said, "Officer, I was given to understand that this was a school for pre-eurythmic dancing and soul relaxation. As far as I—"

"Oh-oh!" said Patrolman Holmquist. "I never heard it called that before. If you know the dame you better scram before she gets you in trouble. Come along, sister."

"Bill!" Esme wailed again.

"Be nice to her, officer," Mr. Williams requested gently and without too much of an air of interest. "She's one of the neighborhood pets."

Patrolman Holmquist urged Esme down the steps, wishing that there were photographers around. The crowd was increasing by the second. For the benefit of the audience he said loudly, "You'll tell it to the judge, sister," and added in an undertone, "You must be nutty, trying to get away with this without seeing the boss. What do you think this is, a wide-open town?"

At this moment Mr. Lorsen chose to return with something of a wrench to consciousness. The first thing that smote his great light-blue eyes was not Esme, not Patrolman Holmquist, but Mr. William W. Williams. He arose a little unsteadily but with magnificent dramatic pace, like a wounded bull elephant struggling to his feet for the last charge. Even the crowd, which had been making audible comments upon Esme and Patrolman Holmquist, quieted down as Mr. Lorsen regained his full height, raised his arm, and pointed an accusatory frankfurter squarely at Mr. Williams. "You," he said. "You—*you*—YOU! *You* I have to thanking!"

"Oh, God!" breathed Mr. Williams. "Sorry," and hit him nicely on the side of the jaw, and Mr. Lorsen returned to the sidewalk and slumber.

"Oh-ho!" said Patrolman Holmquist. "So you belong

to this outfit. I thought so all along. He put the finger on you and you had to shut him up." The ambulance forced its way through the crush. "This will do as well as anything," continued Patrolman Holmquist, wondering how sergeant's stripes would look on his sleeve. "The whole lot of you get in there. You're all under arrest."

Esme wailed, "Oh, Bill!" again and flung herself on his chest. Willing hands eased the still slumbering Mr. Lorsen into the bottom of the ambulance. Mr. Williams, Esme, the intern were stuffed in afterward. Patrolman Holmquist stood on the rear end. There was a faint cheer from the crowd mingled with a couple of raspberries as the ambulance drew away. Esme was weeping on Mr. Williams's chest, but got his whispered "Don't give your right name."

When the magistrate asked for her name, Esme said, "Florence Nightingale," viciously, and the magistrate raised an eyebrow. Mr. Williams said that his name was William W. Williams, and the magistrate raised the other eyebrow and said that at least that was a relief from John Smith. Mr. Williams then said that he would like to use a telephone, and the magistrate said that he couldn't. Mr. Williams said that he had a friend on the Star-Gazette, and the magistrate then said that he guessed it would be all right. After he telephoned, but not to the Star-Gazette, Mr. Williams was ushered into the detention pen, where Esme was sitting over in a corner, very small and frightened, in a policeman's topcoat, and Mr. Lorsen, stretched out on a cot, was beginning to stir and mumble. Mr. Williams wasted no time whatsoever.

"Esme! Are you going to marry me?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Immediately?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Give up the studio?"

"Yes, Bill" (plaintively).

"Never chase another balloon?"

Shake of head negatively.

"Never touch another piece of cheesecloth?"

Shake of head negatively.

"Quit dancing?"

Shake of head affirmatively.

Mr. Lorsen came to again and sat up. He resumed exactly where he had left off, with the frankfurter still pointed accusingly at Mr. Williams.

"Oh! *You!* You I have to thanking for this. So to luring, so to shaming, so to joking, I do not understand. Oh—and I zinking I doing a favor for you. You making me go to learning to dancing. You—"

Esme was standing upright, looking at Mr. Lorsen and Mr. Williams with a very curious expression on her face. It was obviously time for immediate action and Mr. Williams cocked the right again. But something held him back, some sudden twinge of pity. For Mr. Lorsen, innocent as a young doe, had already been struck twice and struck very hard. He leaned over toward Esme.

"SISTER," he said, "that's for nothing!" and hit her on the jaw as gently as was necessary. The rest of Mr. Lorsen's accusations, and the villainous Mr. Williams's squaring of the matter with coin of the realm and an earnest deposition that he, Mr. Lorsen, had been necessary to the reuniting of two loving but temporarily estranged souls, was not heard by Esme.

When, two hours later, old O. G. Barrett came down and got them out, Esme flung herself at him and cried, "He hit me, father—but I love him. I want to marry him right away."

O. G. looked at Mr. Williams a little sternly. "I trust not with the open hand, sir. My old father—God bless him—once said to me, 'Oliver, never strike a woman with the open hand. Always close the fingers first and—'"

Mr. Williams was pumping his hand violently. "Your father and my father must have been friends, sir."

"He hit me like a gentleman," Esme said, a little indignantly. But going home in the car, curled up against her Bill, Esme said, "Bill, had you ever known that—that horrible Lorsen person—before—before—"

"I never laid eyes on him before in my life," lied Mr. Williams and kissed Esme rather beautifully.

Esme sighed. "I believe you," she said.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—An animal; a stag: the male of the red deer, especially one over five years old.

2—Embarass should be spelled embarrass.

3—Neither; it is the science of palmistry.

4—There is no seat. A man really buys a membership.

5—A feeder; a great eater.

6—Author and aviator; it is the real name of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

7—To the ocean.

8—A carousal is a jovial feast, a drunken revel; a carrousel is a merry-go-round.

9—The United States Coast Guard Service does the actual patrol work, but twelve other nations contribute varying percentages of the cost, Great Britain's share being 40 per cent.

10—Neither; he is a worker who has learned a handicraft or trade.

11—A poult.

12—Not at all; it is surgical grafting by inserting parts of tissues from another individual.

13—A human being: a native of Cyprus.

14—Any instrument for measuring degrees of heat above those indicated by the mercurial thermometer.

15—Fast: (*a*) firmly fixed; (*b*) to abstain from food; (*c*) dissolute; (*d*) swift, speedy.

16—No; he is one fond of archery.

17—Ramon Gil Samoniegos, who changed his name to Ramon Novarro.

18—Neither; it is a bedbug.

19—A featherweight.

20—No; a zaptiah is a Turkish policeman.

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Has Sex Become a Stepchild

Not So Many Years Ago the Revolt Against
Now Changing Ideals Have Swung the Balanc

by GRAC

READING TIME

ON a spring morning in 1909 an obscure Viennese physician stood in a lecture hall in Worcester, Massachusetts, and spoke to a small group of American professors. It has been recorded by several who had the privilege of hearing him that though his personality was engaging, his performance did not exactly wow his customers into the academic aisles. But that really didn't matter.

What did matter, and mattered enormously for the next twenty years, was that an historical event had taken place: Sigmund Freud had actually been in America. He had been seen by and had shaken hands with, had spoken to and sat down and eaten with flesh-and-blood Americans—a few of whom are still alive today.

For within five years Sigmund Freud was a god, worshiped by those earnest, strangely dressed, exceedingly young men and women who were just then wresting Greenwich Village from the gaping Italians.

In their gusty flats, surrounded by the smells of garlic and red wine and the squeals and shouts of the children in the streets, those serious, intellectual youngsters read Freud—and Forel and Ellis and The Psychoanalytic Review—intently, diligently, and humorlessly. And afterward they tried to make their reading practical.

They weren't doing it merely to show off. They were doing it to save their souls. For they were in grim and heady revolt against the country in which they had been born, the parts of it from which they had so recently fled, and the men and women who still lived by its puritan concepts.

This earnest new religion was just spreading beyond the confines of the Village when April, 1917, arrived and the whole of America went crazy. After 1920 sex was no longer just a fervent new religion. It was the arbiter of styles and manners and customs. It was "It." And it caused a new race of females to spring up in the land and to spread from one boundary, and one social stratum, to all the others. Those serious young women who had gone so conscientiously from one mussed bed to another in the early Greenwich Village days looked like pikers in promiscuity beside the debutantes and the college girls and the factory girls and the country girls who comprised the Flaming Youth of the postwar era.

Only yesterday, Flaming Youth "went to the movies to see Jean Harlow heave her bosom."

Had these young women reached physical maturity five or ten years earlier they would have swathed their budding bodies in voluminous pleated skirts and bulky middy blouses. They would have applied even a slight touch of rouge to their cheeks only in the stark seclusion of their own bedrooms. And they would have considered Spoon River Anthology pretty embarrassing reading.

But now they wore slight sheaths of dresses that were so short that they showed the flesh above their stocking tops and fitted them as snugly as their skins. They went to the movies to see Clara Bow show her panties and, a little later, Jean Harlow heave her bosom. They thought they were social dubs if their boy friends didn't try to "make" them. And they thought "nice" was a dreadful epithet to be applied to any girl.

This went on for about ten years; and then, almost coincident with the stock-market crash, Scott Fitzgerald announced the death of the Younger Generation. As if to substantiate his statement, there actually died in Paris within a very short time that glamorous wealthy titled English girl who, according to Rebecca West, was the prototype of both Michael Arlen's Iris March and Ernest Hemingway's Lady Brett—and also, incidentally, of that strange female creature who appears in Aldous Huxley's Point Counterpoint.

But few Americans had time to weep over the demise of the Younger Generation. Most of them were too busy moaning over the fatal illness of American prosperity. But now that we can look upon it in retrospect it is a little breath-taking to realize how devastatingly the sexual revolution had accomplished its purpose. One does not need to be many years older than thirty to remember when horses and carriages were still the recognized mode of polite transportation, and when girls in their teens had to come home from dances by twelve o'clock, and a mixed gathering of young people without a chaperon was unthinkable.

Such a primitive and prissy state of affairs seems so remote and unreal to the young folks of today that they cannot even understand that it is the actual remembrance of most of the rest of us. They assume quite naïvely that our adolescence was as free and uninhibited as their own. And they experience none of that embarrassed, often cruel antagonism that formerly existed between almost all young people and their elders.

Twenty years ago if a nice girl went out alone late at night even with a very nice boy, her mother worried. Since then most mothers have come to realize how ineffectual such anxiety is. And they have learned not to indulge in it. So today boys and girls from respectable homes go off together to football games and to week ends at the beaches. Nobody knows just what happens while

# of Today's American Youth?

dery Was "Exaggerated, Sometimes Cruel"; n the Other Direction . . . Has It Gone Too Far?

A D A M S

IUTES 10 SECONDS

they are away, for nobody asks any questions. But few people are shocked.

Thus for the first time within the memory of most living Americans feminine virginity is no longer a vital question. Before the war it was terribly important to a young girl's family that she should be chaste; just after the war it was almost as important to herself that she should not be. But now it does not seem to make a great deal of difference any more—even to the sisters and brothers of those who ten years ago rushed so defiantly down a path of garish primroses.

And sex is of no great importance, either, to the young political radicals who are the intellectual descendants of the révoltés against puritanism. For a new god has been enthroned in Greenwich Village. Freud has been deposed and Marx put in his place. The proletariat has become more important than the libido. The ideal of the newest crop of young intellectuals is no longer Lady Brett or Iris March. The ideal today is a sturdy, husky, plainly dressed young Russian with a radiance in her eyes and the Revolution in her heart.

But even among the young American radicals there has recently been a change in attitude toward sexual affairs. Before the depression free love and revolution were intimately aligned. But within recent years—since Lenin's own opinions on the matter and his young countrymen's resoluteness in translating them into facts have become well known, and since dialectical materialism has been transformed into another flaming creed—this has changed. Not just love and marriage and constancy and monogamy have become outmoded, but sexual appetite itself. These younger radicals have their little affairs now and then, it is true, but they mean so little to them.

They will tell you that "Comrade Lenin says promiscuity is not essential to the Revolution"; that "Comrade Lenin says sexual excess in time of revolution is very, very bad"; that "Comrade Lenin says sexual orgies are bourgeois." They are talking not just about promiscuity and orgies but about sexual indulgence in any form—protesting against getting from and giving to an individual the ecstasy that should come only from "collective action."

"The ideal today is a sturdy, husky young Russian with the Revolution in her heart."

To one who has known American youth well during the last fifteen years, all of this idealistic talk, no matter how sincerely said, seems not only disquieting but somehow unconvincing. I respect the young people of today sincerely. I know that their education is broader and more thorough and more cogently contemporary than was that of my own generation. I think their poise and their easy ability to disregard all barriers of age and tradition and to discuss unself-consciously with their elders any subject under the sun is truly admirable. And though, personally, I could wish they got just a little more fun out of life, I appreciate their earnest interest in world affairs. But when I come to consider their attitude toward sex, I am left with a distinct feeling of unreality.

Putting all your energy into and staking all your happiness upon the Revolution is all very well in Russia. But the Revolution can be no more than a glowing ideal to even the most intense American radical. Alongside that ideal there is now, of course, misery and disillusion. But there are also the young radicals' own personalities. And those seem too selfless and bloodless to belong to men and women who are hardly twenty-five.

THE Younger Generation may have been blatant and vulgar and rather disgusting, but it was real. Flaming Youth in its revolt, without conscious intent, did something for the youth of this decade which they do not seem to be appreciating. It broke down the old sexual inhibitions to the point where they really didn't matter any more. And so it liberated the generation that was to follow—not just for promiscuity and licentiousness but so that they could enjoy sex without making monkeys of themselves.

But in their passion for the dialectical materialism, these youngsters seem either to have overlooked or discarded this heritage. They have turned against the good that is in sex as well as the bad.

This is absolutely consistent with the doctrines of Marx and Lenin. But it is not consistent with the character of normal robust American youth, especially of youth that has been so recently freed of the tyranny of puritanism and which could not have changed so drastically during a few short years.

It is as inevitable as it is natural that the thoughtful young people of these uncertain days should feel a sympathetic interest in political radicalism. But when they have grown to middle age and the glorious day of international brotherhood has not yet arrived, will their own youth, in retrospect, seem satisfactory to them? Will they not feel that it lacked the very emotions that are most essentially youthful, and which also form the surest basis of a normal and stable maturity?

THE END

Delayed

by FRANCIS M.

A CAPTIVATINGLY IRONIC TALE OF HOLLYWOOD YOUNG MODERNS ENCOUNTER AN

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THEY took her out of the stenographic department; or rather Link Trevor did. She brought some copies of the "final" script for University, which Link was going to direct, over to his office. His secretary was out to lunch, but his door to the outer office was open, and she brought the scripts in and laid them on his desk.

Link noticed her then. If they had a bathing-beauty contest in the stenographic department she would probably finish fifth or sixth. Not that she was thin; but she wasn't a bathing beauty. Still, she had *something*—

When Link looked at the scripts and muttered, "Final, huh? How many final scripts does that make on this thing?" she smiled a little.

"Two, I think," she said, and Link nodded and she went on out.

The next day, on his way to the studio restaurant for lunch, he caught up with her.

"Miss—er—what is your name?"

"Perry," she said.

"Uh-huh. Well, come over to my office, will you, Miss Perry, a little later?"

"Why—why, yes," she said.

She came over later on. Link talked to her a long time; about a lot of different things. He watched her hands and her eyes and mouth while he talked. And while she talked.

"You'd like to act, wouldn't you?" he asked finally.

"I—" She paused. Then: "Yes. I would."

"It's a hell of a racket," he told her. "Lot of work. Lot of things that'll make you sick."

She nodded.

Link leaned back in his chair.

"All right," he said. "That's all. I'll let you know about it."

She looked at him a moment and started to say something. Then she stood up and said, "All right," and went on back to the stenographic department.

Link went over to see Sid Kohlmeyer. Sid listened but he shook his head.

"But why?" Sid said. "Why take a chance, when there's plenty of girls we can get we know about? Link, you'll—"

"Listen," Link broke in. "Why don't you just forget about this picture? You've got two other pictures on your mind, and I won't make you a flop; you know that. Let me have a good cameraman and don't send me any more final scripts and just forget the whole thing. I'll make you a nice little picture. You've only got it budgeted for a hundred and twenty thousand anyhow. You can't lose much at that price."

"But why this girl, Link? Why not—well, it's taking a chance."

Honeymoon

Link shut every one but the crew and the cast off the set that day and they shot the sequence.

ILLUSTRATION BY
HAROLD DENISON

COCKRELL

WISDOM, AND WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN TWO OLD-FASHIONED THING CALLED LOVE

"I told you why," Link said. "She's right. She's what I want. Her eyes are—I like her reactions. She's got some sense and she hasn't got any affectations or self-consciousness. She's *natural*. She won't be acting. I can't use movie actors," he finished.

Sid shrugged at that but he finally agreed. Link turned out nice pictures that made money, and they couldn't lose much on this one. Maybe Link was a genius. He had just finished directing a Broadway hit. He was twenty-nine and a hard man to win arguments from, because when he talked about anything he made you feel that he knew what he was talking about.

When Link got back to his office that afternoon he called the stenographic department, and a little later Jane Perry came over.

"Did you work on any of these scripts for University?" he asked her.

She nodded. "The last two."

"What did you think of it?"

She was silent a moment. "I thought it was pretty silly," she said then. "Mainly the girl Sue."

"Yeah. Well, forget about the script as much as you can. Here's the story." He told her the story as he was going to put it on film.

When he finished Jane Perry's eyes were shining.

"Well?" he said. "What do you think of it?"

"I think," she said slowly, "that when it's previewed, Miss Winston and Mr. Fallon are going to decide they must be pretty damn fine writers."

Link chuckled. Winston and Fallon had done the script.

"How about the girl Sue?" He was watching her eyes.

"I think—I think she's right, that way. Who's going to play her?"

"You are," Link said, "if your tests turn out O. K."

They did.

"Now get this," Link told her before they began to shoot. "You're not an actress. Don't let me catch you trying to act. I don't want you to give me a finished performance. You couldn't anyhow. Maybe in five years. Right now all I want you to do is be natural. You just be Sue Randolph and forget everything else except what's happening to her—to *you*."

She did it. Toward the end of the picture there was a sequence where Sue saw just about everything that had any importance to her vanishing. Link shut every one but the crew and the cast off the set that day, and no one

went to lunch and they shot the sequence. Bert Garner blinked a little now and then while they were shooting; and cameramen who've been in the business fifteen years don't get tears in their eyes over a scene just to be polite.

While they were making the picture Link and Jane Perry usually had lunch together. As they were walking toward the studio restaurant one noon, Link said, "I didn't see you yesterday."

"I wasn't in anything," she said, "so I didn't even come down to the studio."

"Oh," Link said. "Yes, of course."

That's all that was said about it; but from then on Jane happened to be around the set at noon whether she was working that day or not, and they went to lunch together.

If he seemed to feel like talking she would talk to him. Sometimes an entire lunch would pass with no word between them. When he did talk, it was never about anything but the picture. For when Link Trevor started making a picture, he didn't come up for air until the last foot of film was in the can.

But when he called, "Print it!" for the last take, he would get up and walk off the set and you couldn't get him even to talk about it then for a solid week. . . .

Link's office was jammed. It was always that way when he had just finished a picture. The whole crew got off the set and hurried over just as fast as they could. The cast too, those of them who wanted to. Jane Perry was there this time, sitting on one end of a couch, watching everything, her eyes excited and happy.

There was an open bottle on the table, and a drink or so for every one; and they knew there would be a bottle for each one to take home with him when he left. It was pretty fancy stuff, too.

The studio didn't like this; said it was bad for morale. Nobody knew what morale was that hadn't been on one of Link Trevor's sets. Crews loved Link. He was a person to them.

Link never took a drink from the time he started a picture until it was finished. Not that it was a rule or anything; it just never occurred to him. In between times his drinks were only casual.

Only at these little parties did he ever get slightly lit. But he never impressed any one as being lit. Not quite as silent as usual, perhaps. Gayer. That's all.

This evening, however, though he drank a toast with any one to anything, as he always did, he wasn't particularly gay; and he was almost laconic.

EVENTUALLY the crew drifted away. The second assistant director and most of the cast drifted out. Eddy Burle and Link's secretary, Ruth Vance, went off together for dinner. There was no one left in the office but Link and Jane Perry.

They sat there a minute, and Link poured a drink and raised his eyebrows at her in question. She shook her head and showed him half of her second drink, still unfinished.

"They—they're swell, aren't they?" she said presently.

"Who?"

"The crew. All of them."

Link nodded. "They're people," he said. "They're the only *real* people in the business, as a group. The only ones among whom you can't find one single stuffed shirt."

He drank about half his drink then, and said, "Eddy and Ruth are coming over to the hotel later on this evening. Why don't you come along when you're through here?"

She still had her make-up and costume on.

"I—" she said. "Thanks. I'd like to."

Link finished his drink and his voice sounded a little flatter. Very casual and matter-of-fact.

"You might bring your—pajamas or what not," he said.

She didn't say anything for a long time.

Link moved his right hand a little toward pouring another drink, and then let it drop back in his lap, and pretty soon Jane turned from the window.

"All right," she said. "I suppose"—her voice was as toneless as his had been—"I suppose it's customary."

Link poured the drink and said, "Well, I'll see you then."

It was a pretty good party in Link's apartment at the Hotel Anderson that night. Ruth had a lovely time because she always had a lovely time when she didn't have to go to work the next day, and Link had told her she could have tomorrow off.

Eddy had a good time because he made it a rule always to have a good time, and because he was fundamentally goofy, even though he was the best assistant director on the lot. He was also, however, a lad that knew when to fade and when to blossom, and about eleven he gathered Ruth together and they said good night.

"He's sort of in a fog," he told Ruth as they went down the hall toward the elevator. "Something—I don't know just what."

Ruth nodded. Then she brightened. "But I'm not, darling," she said, "and the night is still in rompers."

LINK got up and went to the kitchenette and fixed himself a highball and came back and sat down. He hadn't talked much this evening, and when he had there had been a faintly cynical edge to the things he had said. His lean face had a slightly somber look.

Jane was sitting on one end of the sofa, across the room from him. She didn't know whether he was always like this just after a picture, or whether there was more to it than that.

For about five minutes they chatted desultorily of nothing at all. Then she stood up. She lifted her highball from the table by the sofa and finished it in two long swallows.

She put the empty glass down. "This evening seems to be dying on its feet," she said.

After a moment Link said, "Yeah," and stood up too.

"Do we have to sit and listen to the death rattle?" Her voice was a little desperate and didn't sound much like her voice. "Why don't we go to bed?"

Link said, "Yeah," again and walked over to a door and opened it. "Here's the bedroom," he said.

She went in and looked around and didn't look at him, and then went over to her little valise, which was on the bed, and opened it and began taking some things out.

Link stood leaning against the door.

He said, "Good night," and pulled the door shut and went back and lay down on the sofa.

About an hour and a half later the door opened and she came out and crossed the room and sat on the edge of the sofa. She had a nightgown on instead of pajamas.

"I haven't been asleep," she said. "I think—we might get this straight. I'd like to know whether I'm—waiting for you or not."

After a moment Link said listlessly: "You're not." He started to say something else and then didn't. He looked a little tired.

When it was plain he wasn't going on, she said, "Why did you—ask me to come over and—"

Link shrugged. He took a long breath and said without looking at her: "It's like this, kid. You'll run into a lot of heels in this business. You're in it now, you know. And—well, they can be a lot of bother if they want to. But if you spend the night here—well, you see, it sort of puts a ticket on you. It won't keep any one from making passes, but they won't get sore at you. They—well, if you spend the night over here now and then, it just makes it different than if you were a—sort of free

agent. See? I'm just talking about a few people—there're a lot of swell guys in this racket—but those few are enough. Oh, they'll try to make you. But this way—well, it just gives you a sort of independence. You don't have anything to keep you from getting ahead. You don't have to—well, you don't have to play ball unless—you want to. You see?"

"I—I think so," she said softly.

Presently Link said, "Well?" Then he turned abruptly over on the couch with his face toward its back. "Good night," he said.

She sat there a long thirty seconds and neither of them breathed, and then she got up and went into the bedroom.

The next day Link had a day bed moved into the living room and for a while after that they had dinner together once or twice a week where they would be seen, and Jane spent the night in his apartment. They chatted about this and that on these occasions, but they didn't talk about themselves. It wasn't so much that either of them avoided the subject; it was simply that neither of them brought it up.

During this time Link was working with Hank Benton, the cutter who was putting University together. Link did that on all his pictures. He would come down to the studio every morning and look at what had been done the day before; then he and the cutter would talk about it, and about what was going to be done that day. In the afternoons Link usually played golf.

While Hank Benton was cutting University, however, Link didn't show up every morning.

"Didn't see you yesterday, did I?" Hank said casually the first time that Link missed.

"I was playing golf," Link said.

Hank didn't mention it when Link failed to show up after that, though he was a little curious, for Link had something of a reputation as a director who watched the cutting very closely. But it was none of his business, he guessed, and anyhow Link had been acting sort of funny lately. He had never been a very talkative fellow, but now he seemed almost irritable, and even when he wasn't his remarks were faintly acid.

When the preliminary cut was finally completed, Sid Kohlmeyer had a special preview at the studio for the press.

The press went silly about it. Every one went silly about it. It was one of those things that happen in Hollywood. It was the thing at the moment to say University was swell, and every one kept trying to say it was better than any one else had said it was.

It had almost amounted to a quickie in everything except what they had when it was done.

AND there was a new star—at least a starlet—named Jane Perry. Her name was spread across the whole top of half-page advertisements when the picture was released in Los Angeles. It deserved to be. She was good.

She had been getting twenty-five dollars a week in the stenographic department; but the studio raised her when she became an actress. They raised her to forty.

Of course by that time she was under contract to Continental. She would get more money as time went on. As a matter of fact, by the time her five-year contract was ended she would be getting three hundred dollars a week.

Link heard about that. Jane didn't tell him, but he heard about it. He hadn't seen Jane except casually for a week or so, then.

There had never been any regularity about their dates. They would run into each other at the studio, in the restaurant, or on the lot some place, and he'd say, "Whyn't you come up to see me sometime?" in good Mae West accents. Or she'd say, "Are you busy tonight? I expect it's time I was smirched a bit more." Like that. Light; casual. Carefully so.

The intervals between those times widened gradually. Once Jane said she was busy that night; the next time she mentioned it Link said he was busy.

A few days later she had said, "Not tonight, Link." And, after a little pause, "Anyhow, don't you think we have this thing pretty well established by now?"

"I guess so," Link said, and neither of them mentioned it after that. That had been a couple of weeks before he heard about her contract. Link went to see Sid Kohlmeyer as soon as he heard.

"Sure, you're giving her a wonderful opportunity," he told Sid sardonically. "Of course she's not going to make you any dough; you're not going to loan her to other studios and get five hundred for her while you pay her forty. Oh, no!"

He yelled at Sid. Sid had never seen Link Trevor yell before and it was pretty impressive. His eyes kept changing color, and a couple of times he banged Sid's desk with one of his lean long-fingered hands.

"All right!" he yelled. "You *are* giving her an opportunity! I know that. But, just the same, I know she's got something on the ball, and you do too! Take a profit. Protect yourself. But, damn it, you don't have to deal her a hand like this; you don't have to try to get fat off of one green kid. Give her half a break at least."

SID gave in finally. Link went on out and shot thirty-six holes of golf a day for the next three days and then went to New York. . . .

Sid called Jane Perry in. He talked to her quite a while. They were giving her a new contract. She was to get a hundred a week after the first three months, and she was only tied up with them for two years, with raises so that she would be getting three hundred a week at the end of that time. They had options for another three years, but those options started at five hundred and finished at fifteen. Sid pointed out how generous they were being.

Jane just signed the contract and didn't disagree with Sid. But any one that had been around the Continental lot as long as she had knew that Sid Kohlmeyer didn't write new contracts simply because his generosity got out of control.

Link was in New York three weeks, and when he got back Sid had a new picture ready for him. He started shooting when he had been back about a week.

Jane saw him around the studio now and then, of course. She was working in a Western at the time.

They said "hello" when they met, and he said once that he heard she was doing all right, and she said she hoped so, or something like that.

He had looked rather sour before he went to New York, and he still did when he got back. Perhaps a little more so.

The last week of his picture they were on location at Lake Arrowhead. He drove back to Los Angeles the evening of the day they finished. He got to his hotel about nine o'clock and went up to his apartment.

The couch and the day bed were gone, but he didn't think much about it. He was tired and went out to the kitchenette and got a bottle of beer out of the icebox and poured it into a glass.

He came back and sat down. Finally he finished the beer and stood up and threw the glass into the fireplace, where it broke with a shattering tinkle. He went into the bedroom.

Jane was sitting there in the bed in a nightgown, leaning back against the pillows. She looked almost, but not quite, calm.

He remembered he had given her a key. He looked around the room and saw toilet articles and things on a dressing table which had been moved in beside his own chiffonier. The closet door was open and he saw dresses and things in it hanging from the same pole that held his suits.

He leaned against the door for a moment, looking at her; then he walked over and lay down on the bed beside her but not close to her. He lay level, for she had both pillows behind her. He stared up at the ceiling for a while and finally said: "What the hell, kid?"

"There's no day bed," she said, "and there's no couch. You can sleep here or on the floor. And I'm not here for the night only. I'm staying. If you want to get me out I'm going to raise one hell of a fuss. And—"

She stopped. Her voice had gone a little choked on her.

From the corner of his eye he saw her chin quiver ever so slightly.

She composed her face and went on looking determinedly calm.

Link didn't say anything for a long time. He lay there trying to remember things. A little breeze rustled the curtains at the window. Six stories below there was the clang of a streetcar bell and the honk of an auto horn. They seemed remote and very far away.

Eventually, without looking at her, he said, "Would you like to—get married?"

Her answer was whispered so softly he could hardly hear it. It was:

"Yes." And then: "If you don't—if you've no objections."

HE sat up suddenly with something very excited in his eyes that no one had ever seen before. There was something excited in her eyes too; but it was more than that. Happy and . . .

Presently they were both laughing a little breathlessly. It was a great joke, they assured each other. Here every one thought they'd been lovers for three months and their first kiss wasn't three minutes old. There was something very funny and lovely about it.

Something . . .

They quieted a little after the second kiss.

"But," Link said slowly—"but I don't see—why did you—come in the first place?"

"Do you think," she said, "that I could have come over here that night out of a sense of—gratitude—or for *any* reason—except that I—" she trailed off, looking away.

"But you sounded," Link faltered, "you sounded so—matter-of-fact—as if—well, as if you were just doing something that was expected of you."

Her voice was soft, barely audible, but audible to some one not more than ten inches distant.

"I thought—well, you sounded pretty casual yourself. If you wanted it that way—on that basis—I didn't want to get in your hair."

Link was staring at her. "You—Jane, you—thought I—but you—Jane, you would have—" He stopped, trying to think of some way to say what he wanted to, and unable to do it.

She turned toward him and smiled a little. "Do you know about love?" she said. "Have you heard? What it is and does and all?"

"I've been finding out," he said. He was grinning. "I'm in favor of it—now."

"Well, it was all your fault," she told him with some spirit. "If you hadn't been so silly, all this wouldn't have happened. Going around being a big strong silent artistic sphinx, and making generous self-sacrificing gestures that no one wanted you—"

She disappeared into Link's arms and he was laughing. Then both were laughing.

The newspapers announced the marriage of Link Trevor and Jane Perry as a great surprise, as they announce all Hollywood marriages. And of course it was, to people not in the know; but not nearly as much as to people who *were* in the know.

"It was about time," some of them said. And some of them raised their eyebrows and said, "What did he *marry* her for?" And the others just shrugged and said something to the effect that Hollywood sure was a screwy place. Which no one denied.

As for Link and Jane, they just went on laughing at their joke, and also doing a good deal of laughing simply because they felt like laughing. And since they looked so happy, Louise Parker, Through the Camera's Eye, picked on them as her Hollywood's Happiest Couple because she needed a new HHC anyhow—not even suspecting that for once she was absolutely right.

THE END

The WORLD of TOMORROW

"Bring Down That Airplane!" by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU have an unexpected and exciting adventure. You are driving alone one clear summer evening very properly in the slow-speed traffic of an uptown ramp, when a Director suddenly flashes you to a halt. A uniformed man leaps on your fin-board. He says:

"Get that taxi!"

You see a distant commotion on a take-off incline; four cars have drawn hastily aside to let a wildly careening taxi go past. Your commanding passenger shoves through the door oval and wedges himself beside you. He says grimly:

"I'm air police. Man drilled a girl with a heat-gun, grabbed an empty taxi—an' there he goes on the wing. Take after him."

Already you are rolling forward; behind you the Director's siren and red beam are clearing the ramp. You plunge like a fire fighter for that take-off incline; you are determined to co-operate with the law even if you kill yourself doing it—which seems likely, because the lower lanes are crowded tonight.

You charge like an infuriated bull for the take-off incline. You roar up into the air. The lightless bandit aero is a dot among the frightened scattering dots of the lower-lane traffic with the stars strewn behind them. You murmur:

"If I watch that cursed thing, I'll run into a collision. I probably will anyway."

The officer is wearing his telescopic eyeglasses now. He says:

"Thirty-two-degree climb—bear to the left. Can't you make this fool thing go faster?"

You always prided yourself on the climbing speed of your latest-model, but naturally the officer is impatient. At three thousand feet he says:

"Level off. We're catching him—I've got a gun but I didn't dare use it down below. You get me within two-mile range—I'll wing him or my name's not Mike Flaherty."

He has the portable radio projector aimed through your glassite windshield. And suddenly he fires it. Soundless invisible radiac vibrations, tangible and deadly as the blast from a little heat gun.

"Got him!" Flaherty chuckles. "Darned if I didn't."

You see the little dot waver downward. With ignition system disabled, the bandit taxi is seeking a landing. Now, any one knows that an air car under full control, with engine running, gets down through traffic to an emergency landing far quicker and truer than one which is disabled. Especially with a skilled driver like yourself. You spot the semiplowed field on this Jersey hillside; and you get there almost simultaneously with the bandit, so that Flaherty has no trouble in winging his legs as he runs. And you and Flaherty in triumph take the prisoner back to the City Criminal Hospital, where he can get his legs fixed and stand trial for murder.

The trial referee will applaud you. And it will be nice tomorrow to listen to the newscasters telling the public how you chased and caught this murderer.

Sounds fantastic for 1935, doesn't it? You've been thinking as you read: "Maybe I would be doing something about like that—if I lived in 2035."

You're wrong. You may be doing something about like that in a year or two. Flying automobiles are now being built. And the radio gun to bring down aircraft? A recent press dispatch from London announced such a device, perfected by a young Bavarian scientist for Germany; and by Guglielmo Marconi for Italy. It has a range of two miles and was successfully demonstrated to Mussolini.

BENJAMIN'S WIFE

by ELITA WILSON

Liberty's Short Short

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

THE thing that Miss Thomas, crack saleswoman in the ready-to-wear department, had always feared might happen, had happened. The wife and the mistress of Benjamin J. Frost had come in almost at the identical moment to look at coats.

Always before, Benjamin J. had tagged along with them, especially with the blonde, who somehow managed to shame him into buying her the most expensive things.

The older woman had come in first, and Miss Thomas had given her a warm greeting, never having forgotten the many little kindnesses that gracious lady had shown her ever since the first time, five years ago, that Mr. Frost and she had come shopping. She had just shown the older woman to a dressing room when Mr. Pincus, the floor manager, called to her.

There was the blonde, swathed in violet crepe and mink and looking as cheaply haughty as ever.

"Hello, Tommy," the blonde greeted her. "I want the best-looking coat you've got in this dump and forget the price. Frost said the sky is the limit."

Quickly as she could manage it, Miss Thomas had the woman in a dressing room as far away as possible from the other.

The blonde dropped carelessly on to a chair the fifteen-hundred-dollar fur coat that Miss Thomas had sold her earlier in the season. "Got a light, Tommy? Remember now, don't bring any junk in here."

Miss Thomas lighted the cigarette for her, and closed the dressing-room door behind her.

In the stock room she ran into Bessie Blum. She told Bessie what had happened, but Bessie thought it was very funny.

"Suppose the old lady does find out?" she pointed out. "It's not your funeral. Just the same, though, I'd hate to be in old Frost's boots when she does."

"But his wife is such a peach," Miss Thomas argued. "It burns me up to see things put over on her—especially when she is always trying to save money for Benjamin J. She never pays more than thirty-nine seventy-five for a dress. The other won't look at anything under a hundred. Oh, well—"

She took four coats in to her first customer. They were all priced around eighty dollars. "You try these on," she suggested, "and I'll be right back."

Reluctantly Miss Thomas went down the line to the other dressing room, first selecting some more expensive coats in the stock room. The blonde was going to be difficult to please today, and her first words proved it.

"What the devil's the idea bringing me brown coats?" she demanded. "I wouldn't wear that cat fur to a dog fight!"

As she went in search of the new coats, Miss Thomas comforted herself with the thought that in ten days she would be out of all this. No more temperamental women to placate and flatter. In ten days she would be married and her working days would be over.

The blonde was more pleased with her second selection of coats and was willing to be left alone. In the other dressing room, however, Miss Thomas found still more dissatisfaction.

"Nothing looks right on me," said her gray-haired customer hopelessly. "It's my terrible figure, I guess."

"How about a more expensive coat?" Miss Thomas suggested.

A smile and negative shake of the head were her answer.

"Then suppose you try them all on again. Often things look better the second time."

Back again to the blonde went Miss Thomas.

"These coats look like hell!" the girl exploded. "How about that coat out there on the figure—or are you saving it for some one else? You don't know how to treat a good customer."

Miss Thomas had only forgotten the coat on the figure. The price was seven hundred and fifty dollars. Quickly she got it and helped the blonde into it. "It fits you perfectly," she murmured.

"Get me a pen," said the girl, "and make it snappy." When Miss Thomas returned with a fountain pen she filled in the amount over Benjamin J. Frost's signature. On her way out to have the check O.K.'d, Miss Thomas looked in at the other dressing room.

"I've decided on this coat," her other customer said. "It's exactly eighty dollars, too. Here is the check. I had Mr. Frost make it out for that amount so I wouldn't spend any more. But you very nearly tempted me."

With a smile she handed Miss Thomas the check. "I am coming to take you to lunch one of these days. How about next Saturday?"

Miss Thomas took the check, being careful not to display the other one, which was identical except for the amount, and said that lunch would be lovely.

At the door, however, she turned back. A reckless plan had come into her head, a plan that she knew would cost her her job. But what was a week's salary compared to the satisfaction of fixing that blonde hussy?

"Mrs. Frost," she began, "maybe I shouldn't tell you this—but I like you so much and—"

For a moment her customer looked startled. Then she said, "What on earth is it, Miss Thomas? You look so strange!"

The girl came closer. "I have been waiting on you now for the last five years, Mrs. Frost," she said, lowering her voice, "and you always buy such cheap clothes. It isn't fair, because—"

"Yes?"

"Because—" she plunged ahead. "Mrs. Frost, did you know that your husband has a mistress and that he buys the most expensive clothes we have for her? It just burns me up, because she is so disagreeable and you are always so sweet and pleasant and I hate to see you being made a fool of. You have just bought an eighty-dollar coat and this very minute she's walking out with a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar one. I wish you'd go down there and scratch her eyes out!"

It was done!

Mrs. Frost didn't appear shocked or even surprised. She laid a gentle hand on the salesgirl's arm.

"Thank you, my dear," she smiled. "I understand why you have told me this. And now—if you will have the coat wrapped I think I will take it with me."

In a daze Miss Thomas left the room. Bessie Blum came over to her.

"The joke's on you, Tommy," she whispered. "The blonde is the wife. Pincus just told me. The one with the fat tummy is Frost's girl friend."

"Oh, my God!" Miss Thomas moaned. And for the first time in her life she fainted.

THE END

4 stars — Extraordinary
3 stars — Excellent
2 stars — Good
1 star — Poor
0 star — Very Poor

FORTHRIGHT,

A Hollywood Newcomer Scores with a Picture of Magic Lives Again on the Screen, and Miss

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ MURDER MAN

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Virginia Bruce, Lionel Atwill, Harvey Stephens, Robert Barrat, James Stewart, William Collier, Sr., and others. Story by Tim Whelan and Guy Bolton. Directed by Tim Whelan.

MURDER MAN is a curiously honest and uncompromising picture in which Spencer Tracy, giving another of his beautifully restrained performances, is seen as New York's best crime reporter. Concerned primarily with the study of morbid revenge, the picture has a tightly knit mystery-story frame which alone is enough to make it worth while. But the elements that give Murder Man its distinct flavor are the sound psychologic basis for the action, good playing by the whole cast, natural dialogue, and smartly reconstructed newspaper background.

Tracy, in getting revenge against two crooked brokers who have robbed his father and betrayed his wife, kills one of them in a manner that throws the guilt on the other broker. To tell much more about the plot would take away its surprise. But above the workings of this smooth mystery story there is a deeply emotional study of a man torn by his demand for revenge and his knowledge that he is as guilty of wrong as those he hates.

And whether you take it as just a well fashioned thriller or as a shrewd yet tender character study, you'll not be disappointed.

Lionel Atwill, Harvey Stephens, Virginia Bruce, and William Collier, Sr., are splendid in supporting roles. However, to Tim Whelan, a newcomer, must go most of the laurels. For he wrote the story, did the adaptation, and directed it. If Murder Man is a sample of what's to come from him in the future, Hollywood has discovered a bright new asset.

Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce in Murder Man, a combination of emotional story and mystery plot.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture produced by Harry Rapf, an M-G-M version of the Shuberts, vodvil bred and Hollywood vet. Sleeps in a bed like a box office to get the feel of what's successful. . . . This is director Tim Whelan's first Yankee effort. After a Hollywood this-and-that career it took England to bring him out, handing him his first megaphone. Was there two years. With Guy Bolton, inspired Broadway hack, he hacked out this story. Thinks the best plots are to be found on the sidewalks of New York. Well, you can find almost everything else on them. . . . Spencer Tracy bows in as an M-G-M man. Plays polo, comes from Milwaukee, schooled in Kansas City, has an Irish father and an early-American mama. Was in the navy during the war. Started his poke in the staged Last Mile and has been in pictures ever since, rated as a real good actor. Has a collection of campaign buttons dating back to his boyhood days, Garfield being the oldest. Fancies himself as a corned-beef-hash expert, but is a better actor, which means he doesn't change his suit to form a new characterization. . . . Picture cost about $300,000. . . . Virginia Bruce (Briggs) (Gilbert) started at the Fox studio six years ago as an extra girl, with another extra girl named Gunga Jean Harlow (Carpentier), Madge Bellamy starring. Got her real claim to fame after she divorced John Gilbert, her acting powers curiously developing. Lives at Tolucca Lake with her mother and baby Susan Ann Gilbert. Puts out sophistication and genuine wholesome charm just like the swank magazine-ad matrons. . . . Ralph Bushman played as Francis X. Bushman, Jr., in Viva Villa. Has decided to make good on his own, not his father's, reputation. His romantic dad's doing radio work in Chicago and, if memory serves, is the only person I've ever seen wearing leather spats. . . . Robert Warwick is character-rolling along, hoping to re-attain stardom in the actor-dangerous years—those between thirty-five and forty-five. . . . Of the $150,000,000 to be spent the coming year on films in Hollywood, M-G-M will probably dish out about a third of that amount, being by far the most lavish and the most consistently successful despite its drunken-sailor practices. Buying best writing talent probably assures this standard. At any time writers' roll call on M-G-M lot reads like American version of French Academy.

★ ★ ★ SHE

THE PLAYERS: Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lumsden Hare, Samuel Hinds, Noble Johnson, Jim Thorpe. Directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing Holden. Story by Rider Haggard.

SHE is grand funny-paper stuff. This doesn't mean the picture is intentionally comic. Far from that. For it tells, in a deadly earnest manner, about a land hidden in the caverns beneath the ice floes of the north, where the secret of eternal life is known to all the natives. But its approach to the bizarre subject has that blend of naïveté and black magic which features the adventure serials of the comic supplements.

She concerns a five-hundred-year-old woman, the perpetually reigning Queen of her hidden land. Helen Gahagan, making her screen debut in the title role, brings a certain ageless beauty and regal bearing to the part, and it is due mainly to her highly competent playing that the picture attains its grand proportions.

Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, and Nigel Bruce are the mere mortals who invade this hidden land in search of the flame of eternal life. Set upon by the cruelties of climate and a mass of brutish natives, the weary trio at last gain entrance to the magic country.

Scott and Bruce do not locate the flame right away; but the Queen, thinking that Mr. Scott is a love of centuries ago returning to her, treats them in royal style. However, she discovers that the handsome young visitor came not for her personal favors but to take the flame and go back to the outside with Miss Mack. This makes the Queen so angry she captures the demure Miss Mack and has her offered as a live sacrifice to the gods.

By the time the adventurers discover the flame of life they need it pretty badly.

Kids will love this fantastic film. And those grownups who can ignore its wooden acting will have a lot of fun, too.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sir Henry Rider Haggard (1856-1925), an army man, then a novelist, then a politician, put the torch to Victorian literature, probably being the first big sex man of English literature. He was, as it were, Jules Verne with It. She was named after an old rag doll of Haggard's childhood memory. . . . The Hall of Kings set occupied 34,000 square feet of floor space and was forty feet high. The light bill was $1,500 a day. A giant mirror-mosaic throne to reflect light so's to seem on fire was built on it twenty feet high and nine feet wide. Fifty-four hundred work hours of thirty men were required to erect the two giant rams guarding the huge bronze (painted wood) doors to this mythical snappy apartment. Statues weigh five tons and are fifteen feet high and sixteen feet long. . . . That cannibalistic ceremonial gag of crowning the dinner victim with a white-hot derby is a genuine historic touch, but the glacial avalanche is all done with mirrors and magicians' derbies. . . . That tipping rock was made of cardboard and only Hollywood knows how to make a palace like She's carved from granite and the marble core of a mountain, using paste and papier-mâché and plaster of Paris. All such grand-opera science is the instigation of one Merian C. Cooper, who started making epics of man's struggle with nature such as Grass and Chang and has wound up producing gigantic impossibilities like King Kong. . . . Helen Gahagan is an Ethel Barrymore from Flatbush. Junoesque in proportions, Heywood Broun once called her the ten most beautiful women in America. Stepped on the stage from Barnard, where she and Aline MacMahon socked the buskin around the place together with the Mask and Wigs. Appeared with John Drew before his death, and in the last play Belasco ever did. Knocked off her dramatic career in 1927 to go abroad and haughticulture

FANTASTIC, FUNNY

of Honest Emotion; Rider Haggard's Bizarre Land Davies Blithely Returns in a Radio Masquerade

by BEVERLY HILLS

her voice for opera. Is married to Melvyn Douglas, fellow mimer, and they have Peter Gahagan, aged seventeen months. . . . Nigel Bruce is second son of Sir William Bruce. Was born at Ensenada, Mexico; educated in England; intended for the Stock Exchange; fought in the war; started on the stage as a footman despite fact his family had a baronetcy dished out by Charles I for aid given him against the Roundheads, the first socialists. . . . Gus von Seyffertitz started in the mimes playing dudes, henpeckees, custard receivers. For ten years was leading comic of Irving Place Players. Vengeance of Durand, produced by Vitagraph, started him as a villain. Came here in 1897, is married to an Englishwoman, has a dotter.

★ ★ ★ PAGE MISS GLORY

THE PLAYERS: Marion Davies, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, Allen Jenkins, Barton MacLane, Hobart Cavanaugh. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. From the play by Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning.

IN her first picture as a Warner Brothers star Marion Davies is seen as an innocent farm lass buffeted to fame and love by fate and a couple of city slickers. Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh are the slickers. When a radio program offers a small fortune to the winner of its beauty contest, these boys get together and with the aid of composite photography produce a patchwork girl who cops the prize.

But when the public and press begin an unceasing clamor to see this new beauty in the flesh, McHugh and O'Brien find life's problems a bit too harrowing for even their nimble wits. It is then that Marion Davies, the bucolic hotel servant, solves their immediate problems by posing as the mythical beauty. The complications that soon arise, however, and Miss Davies's fatal appeal for Dick Powell, a later-day Lindbergh, give McHugh and O'Brien even more to worry about and supply enough energetic fun for any moviegoer.

The picture is full of good-natured kidding of the radio, press agents, beauty contests, aviators, and high-pressure business. Burly Patsy Kelly does a grand bit as Miss Davies's ribald co-worker, while Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh are consistently effective in bigger parts, and all Warner Brothers' resources have been lavished on the film in a generally successful effort to get its new star off to a flying start.

Dick Powell and Marion Davies in Page Miss Glory, a lively comedy—Miss Davies's first for Warners.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the first Cosmopolitan production since Mr. Hearst's movie corps picked up its lone star and moved her, $40,000 bungalow and all, from Culver City to Burbank. Picture cost $750,000, screen rights to original play coming to $72,500. . . . Marion Davies was born Marion Cecilia Douras in Brooklyn, captained a New York public-school basketball team, attended a convent where she played only Shakespearean leads, posed for Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy, and at eighteen got into a Ziegfeld chorus. Is known as M. D. around the studio but has never been called it to her face. She is the closest relative of Santa Claus Hollywood knows, having more people on relief than Roosevelt. About 1,000 people worked on this to make it a picture. Miss Davies wears a spun-glass robe in her part—cleanable with a hose, but you've got to be careful not to drop it. . . . Three babies were born during film making: Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Mervyn Le Roy becoming (proud) fathers. . . . Dick Powell claims he's still a Mount View, Arkansas, boy at heart, since he has no ambition to own a yot. It was singing in Louisville, Kentucky, while working for the telephone company, that started him singing up the scale of living. Never was as busy as before he left Little Rock, where he worked for telephone company, singing in a synagogue Friday nights, two churches on Sunday, solo singer at Christmas Eve Roman Catholic Masses, and funeral soloist for Masonic Scottish Rite Consistory! . . . Pat O'Brien captained the Marquette footer team in his senior year. Started his stage career playing a lamb in a Christmas play at five. Has smoked cigars for years but never touched a cigarette till part in Miss Glory demanded it. Wife runs a specialty shop on Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly, and it makes money. . . . Patsy Kelly was born in Brooklyn, doesn't think she has a fashionable figure, thinks she is a mug, but only wants a tap-dance part to be happy. . . . Though Mary Astor herself came up into the lights through winning a beauty contest, she heartily disapproves of them. They only lead to the ladder, do not climb it for you.

★ ★ DIAMOND JIM

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, Binnie Barnes, Cesar Romero, Hugh O'Connell, George Sidney, Bill Demarest, Eric Blore, Robert McWade, Maidel Turner. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Story by Parker Morell.

DIAMOND JIM is a sincere attempt to recapture the life and times of James Buchanan Brady, the corpulent bejeweled salesman who, almost more than any other man, epitomized those turbulent days of the railroads' great expansion. For all its limitless possibilities as movie fare, the picture remains a somewhat dull and disappointing offering. Diamond Jim as played by Edward Arnold seldom comes to life. The part is played with many surface tricks but the feeling is that he never really gets into the man.

Diamond Jim has its moments. And those who will forget how enchanting any picture of that time might have been might enjoy parts of this one. We couldn't.

VITAL STATISTICS: James Buchanan Brady, the male Mae West of the '90s, America's first go-getter and big wine buyer, was born over his father's New York saloon in 1856, yet never touched hard liquor during his life. Started his famous jewelry collection with a ninety-dollar diamond ring and died possessing a collection he valued at $2,000,000, one set worth $175,000, but, owing to World War conditions, entire value was a mere $500,000. Tore up $200,000 in I O U's once. . . . Edward Arnold (Schneider) is the son of an East Side furrier and was born in a tenement. He's forty-five, weighs 220 but put on fifteen pounds to approximate Diamond Jim. Probably getting around $2,000 a week. Started with the Ben Greet Players of Trenton, New Jersey, twenty-five years ago. Followed Francis X. Bushman in leads when Bushman left Essanay studios in Chicago's celluloid fling, but never quite made stardom. Has three children. . . . Jean Arthur is the wife of Frank J. Ross, Jr., New York realtor. She looks like a coming star. . . . Binnie Barnes doesn't look very much like Lillian Russell but she radiotelephones her husband Samuel Joseph back in London every week to the tune of about $150. Her husband's a book connoisseur and antique dealer. . . . Director Eddie Sutherland is son of Al Sutherland, theatrical feller. His mother was a vodvil star, Blanche Ring's his aunt and Thomas Meighan's his uncle, so how could he miss? . . . A Western Telegraph blank used in 1880, a jeweled bicycle, places like old Rector's, Bustanoby's, Delmonico's, all had to be produced to put this one over.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield.

★★★—Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking.

Mad Days ON THE DEVIL SHIP EMDEN

Concluding a Saga of the Sea—
The Long-Awaited Story of the War's Greatest
Naval Adventure as Seen Through the Eyes
of One of Its Chief Participants

by REAR ADMIRAL
ROBERT WITTHOEFT
of the German Navy . . . as told to
WAYNE FRANCIS PALMER
Author of Men and Ships of Steel

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Our cruise was ended. Yet the enemy continued to rain a hell of shells on us.

PART THREE—THE LONE WOLF DIES GAME

THE bugle blared. The sirens sounded. There was the tramping of feet as men rushed to their positions. Gun breeches banged. Bells rang as electrical currents were tested. Then order and silence.

"We'll have to fight without Mücke and his men, I'm afraid. Devil take it, why were they so long?" It wasn't in criticism, but only that we were so soon to need them.

With our battle flags flying we steamed out to meet the enemy. I was in the conning tower with the captain, Gaede, Zimmerman, and a number of messengers. Outside were Gropius and the signal force.

"Looks like the Newcastle," said the captain as he squinted through the slit in the armor. "That's not so bad. She may be a little faster than we are and she may have a little more gun power—but not too much. I've got the Emden's crew and they haven't. Engine room! Full speed ahead! What? Not steam pressure enough yet? Give her all you've got, then, and step her up as fast as possible. We'll need your best."

We turned now hard to starboard, bringing the Emden on to a course parallel with the enemy, about 10,000 yards removed. We were the first to open fire. Our first salvos were over, but the third struck the enemy's upper works and sent up a cloud of black smoke and flames.

"First blood!" Gaede yelled. "It's a hit! We've got their range. Now let them have it."

I could see a flash of orange flame from the enemy. Time after time they gave us their full broadside, but the shells didn't fall anywhere near us. Then they closed in. We could see the flash and then actually pick up the shells as they came toward us looking like so many bluebottle flies. They seemed to waver or tremble as they neared, and then we would suddenly lose them as they moaned and whined their way over us.

Suddenly great geysers rose out of the sea between the two ships. Some were so close that they brought tons and tons of water crashing down on our deck.

"Looks like we're in for trouble," von Müller said quietly. "Those shell splashes are from a much heavier ship than I thought for. She must have six-inch guns. Look, Witthoeft! Can you make out what ship she is?"

I studied her carefully. "My God!" I thought. "She must be one of the very latest cruisers—three times as powerful as we and much faster." I reported my finding to the captain.

"Closer, Gropius, closer," he ordered the navigating officer.

The Emden edged over slightly toward the enemy to reduce the range. I saw our shells striking home time after time; then there was a great burst of green-and-yellow flame. Clouds of white and yellowish smoke billowed above her. The flames were spreading.

"Good, Gaede! God, if it will only reach their magazine we'll have our chance!"

But the flames on the enemy ship died down as her shells were getting uncomfortably near us. "Closer, Gropius, closer, whenever you've got the chance!"

Now that we were out in the heavy swell of the Indian Ocean our gunners were having their troubles, while the much larger enemy ship was steadying down in her fire.

With a crash their first shell came aboard and burst

in the wireless cabin. Instantly nothing was left but its twisted white-hot steel frame. Our faithful operators, who had for so long been our only link with the outside world, were destroyed. Another struck with a deafening crash just aft of the conning tower where we were.

Immediately thereafter a shell burst with an appalling noise directly in front of the conning tower. I ducked low because my head was right by one of the little slits that looked on to the forward gun. Then for the next few seconds everything was strangely silent. We missed the rapid bark of the gun, but in its place came the groaning of the wounded and dying. It was a frightful mess out there. I remember saying to myself that I mustn't duck next time there was a hit near by.

Gaede called up a reserve crew and once more we heard from the gun on the forecastle. The concussion from its fire dulled our senses for an instant.

"Gropius, close in on them while we have a chance. Our shells can't even reach them and they are hammering hell out of us."

Gropius stepped up to the conning tower and called through the slit to the captain, "Something wrong with the rudder and rudder controls, sir. You'd better steer with the engines. I'm going aft to the rudder room to see if I can find out what is wrong. It's getting hot out here." Poor Gropius! Away he dashed like a jack rabbit, leaping over the wreckage.

We had by this time entirely lost the range of the enemy. We didn't have a chance now. They would run out as we tried to close in on them, and then with their longer range and heavier guns would pound us unmercifully.

I called down to the Prince to find how he was making out in the torpedo room. "There were two hits below the water line some place near here, but I can't notice any water in our double bottoms," he reported.

With my ear still to the tube, I could hear him yell, "Hey, there! Look out!" A dull roar told me there had been a hit near the torpedo room. It was odd to hear a burst of laughter immediately following. Then I realized that they were alone, shut in down there far below the water line and not knowing about anything but the doings in their own little cell.

"That was a close one," laughed the Prince into the tube. "It spilled Pyttlik flat on his tail."

Another hit soon after this wasn't so funny. I could hear them laboring away. "Water is pouring in," gasped

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

The Emden as she looked after her last fight, aground on a coral reef off the lonely shore of North Keeling Island.

the Prince, " and, God, the gas is terrible! We've got on our gas bandages but they're not worth a damn. Trying to keep the water out but it's gaining on us fast. Send us some carpenters to help."

" Prepare to fire starboard torpedo," the captain ordered. I passed the word below and immediately the word came back, " Starboard torpedo tube ready." We had edged over toward the British ship, but she saw what we wanted and swerved sharply away.

Another terrible hit and the water fairly flowed into the torpedo room. The lights went out. Candles would not burn because of the gas. There in the inky blackness the men were choking and gasping.

The steady cool voice of the Prince reported every few minutes to me: " Water's ankle-deep. Three of my men wounded by shell splinters. We can't send for help because the doors are jammed shut. Something has fallen over the hatch, so that way's closed too. Water's up to our knees now. Can't we get just one shot at them before it's too late? I don't think we can stand it much longer."

Regretfully I ordered them to abandon the torpedo flat and to make their way out as best they could. They finally managed to reach safety through the little hatch that had been used to pass torpedoes down to the flat.

The rest of the battle remains to me as a nightmare. Lieutenant Zimmerman, seeing that there was some trouble with the forecastle gun, dashed from the conning tower. He arrived just as an explosion again killed every man at the gun. He was later found among them.

I didn't duck when that shell hit. Maybe I should have. The captain should have, too. It got us both, but only slightly. With two of our sailors inside it was worse, so they were sent to the dressing station. Poor devils, they were killed on the way.

The forward smokestack was hit and collapsed. The foremast came down and slid off into the sea, carrying with it Lieutenant von Guerard and his foremast crew.

There was now a noticeable slackening in our rate of gunfire. Gaede left the conning tower to see what was the matter. We couldn't communicate direct with any gun. If only Mücke's men had been there to replace the dead! A ship manned by dead men cannot fight. Then, too, our ammunition was about gone.

Gaede didn't get very far before a shell splinter got him. The Prince found him there, his white uniform drenched with blood, but he was fully conscious. He died a minute later.

Our two remaining stacks were hit and took a cockeyed tilt. By now the wreckage on the deck was almost unbelievable.

Suddenly there was a ghastly concussion somewhere amidships as the deck folded up and buckled. A broadside gun hurtled up into the air. Men, steel plates, mess benches, and great splinters could be seen in the amazing mass of debris. Everything seemed to catch fire at once. We waited, expecting the magazines to explode. I braced myself against the crash. The flames spread, eating their way aft. I remember counting, and when I got to forty I knew the magazines had escaped.

Not one man in the vicinity of that broadside gun survived. Lieutenant von Levetzow's body was later found among many other victims. Gropius was caught aft with the few survivors from the poop gun. Intent on what they were doing, they didn't notice the flames until a solid wall of fire prevented them from making their way forward. They tried to break through by going to a lower deck, but down there it was like some terrible furnace.

Step by step they were forced to retreat until they were huddled together on the very stern. Swiftly the flames rushed at them. They knew that the end was at hand. Gropius led them in three cheers for our Fatherland and three more cheers for the Emden. Before they had finished a shell hit in the captain's cabin and they were all blown overboard. Only three came to the surface and Gropius wasn't among them. They swam about for hours and were finally rescued by a boat from the Sydney.

The Sydney, Australian conqueror of the Emden.

Up in the conning tower von Müller and I were almost alone. Gaede, Gropius, Zimmerman, our messengers, all were gone now. Our guns were silent. Our ammunition was exhausted. Our ship was without a rudder. We could communicate with no one. God help us, there were few left with whom we might have communicated.

"It's no use going on, Witthoeft," the captain said to me, his voice choked with emotion. "This is nothing but slaughter. I must save what men I can, and yet I won't let them have my ship. See, there is North Keeling Island dead ahead. I'm going to try to put her there high and dry."

The British must have sensed what he had in mind. Tearing ahead of us at full speed, they fairly poured their shells into us. The slaughter below decks was frightful. They tried a torpedo, too, but that missed.

They were now across our bow, but we didn't swerve from our course one degree.

"They'd better clear out or I'll ram them," muttered the skipper.

Closer and closer we rushed down on them. Then they weakened and dashed out of the way. The Emden never faltered, never swerved. Full speed ahead we rushed for the beach. The signal was given warning the engine-room force to climb to safety. With a tearing and grating noise the Emden came up on a coral reef a hundred yards offshore. She had slipped in between two large blocks of coral, and rested there as in a cradle.

The engines were still running to drive her hard ashore and make sure she could not be pulled off. The order was given to open the sea valves, and our beautiful Emden lay there a total wreck, a burning, stinking charnel house. Our cruise was ended. Our guns were helpless, our ammunition exhausted. Yet in spite of this the British cruiser continued to rain a hell of shells on us.

Unable to fight back, Captain von Müller told those of us who had collected around him on the upper deck that we might try to swim ashore if we wished. We looked aft at the roaring flames. We saw the bodies of our dead comrades scattered about. We saw the enemy shells adding each moment to our misery. But it seemed safer to stay than to plunge into the white foaming surf. Nevertheless a few tried the water. Only five of them reached the beach. The others were crushed on the reef.

After about five minutes of this merciless pummeling, the enemy suddenly turned in her tracks and dashed away from us. What did it mean? It couldn't be that the British navy would abandon us in our terrible straits! Yet there she was, steaming away from us as fast as her engines would drive her. I believe that then for the first time real fear struck at our hearts.

THE captain ordered all hands up on the forecastle. It was a terrible mess, but we could find room there without the danger of fire and explosives that threatened farther aft. Slowly the men straggled up. Many were limping or were swathed in blood-soaked bandages. One man from an entire gun crew would appear. In some cases there was no officer to check up on a division or no division to be checked.

Half the officers were dead. The deck and gun crews were almost entirely wiped out. The engine-room force and the crews from the fire rooms made up most of the little band of survivors.

The captain sent some of us below to look for the wounded. Of all the experiences of my life, that was the most ghastly and crushing. Here and there a single candle spluttered, but it only added to the gloom and the horror. The stench of burning hammocks and burned human flesh nauseated us.

Bodies, or what had been bodies, lay strewn about the guns and in the passageways. The mutilation of the dead was beyond belief.

All was silent below decks excepting for the steady muffled roar and crackling of the flames. We made our way as far aft as we could until the heat scorched our hands and faces. Beyond us red-hot steel decks and bulkheads stood out clearly from the darkness.

We found a few wounded or badly burned men and sent them up on the forecastle. Every once in a while we could feel the ship lift slightly and come down with a heavy jar. The wind had picked up and the swells were hammering her against the reef. With the engine room filling with water we might slip backward from the ledge into the great depths beyond. The ship would have sunk like a plummet. We all sensed this new danger but there was little talk of it.

The captain ordered that the secret signal books be destroyed and that we throw the breeches of the guns overboard. We did a thorough job.

The condition of the wounded on the forecastle was pitiful. They cried for water, but the tanks above the armored deck had been shot away and the other tanks were down under the torpedo-room floor, which was flooded. A cup or two of water was found still standing in the pipes and this was used to moisten their lips.

Those who had escaped unscathed stood about in glum little groups. Dr. Luther had a hypodermic needle and some morphine in his pocket, and gave the morphine to several of the hopeless cases so that their going might be easier. But it was soon gone and then we were without any medical supplies.

AS though our afflictions were not enough, a number of vicious sea birds settled down on the deck. As we left one helpless wounded man to go to another, they would rush at him and tear at his eyes or at his wounds. We tried to beat them back with clubs. Never having seen men before, they were without fear of us.

Our situation was becoming unbearable, so the captain suggested that we try to float a line to the members of the crew who had reached the shore. It seemed such a little way to go. Only three hundred feet—but the devil controlled that short interval. Our boats had been either blown to bits or burned. We tried floating light lines ashore attached to boxes and benches, but every attempt failed. The crosscurrent carried them just off the turn of the island. Sometimes they caught in the coral and were snapped like so much string.

Once and only once did the line get to the beach. A wild cheer went up on the forecastle. The men ashore

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seized it and hauled away—so eagerly that it broke; and the courage of more than one of our men broke with it.

Several powerful swimmers volunteered to take the line through the surf, but without success. We even captured some of the cannibal birds and attached very light lines to them, but the lines merely served to throw them off balance and they were drowned.

About four thirty in the afternoon the Prince sang out that the enemy cruiser was returning. Well, that was good. Our wounded would have their chance.

The enemy closed to within about a mile and a half and stopped. She was towing two boats astern. We assumed they were intended to rescue us, so we prepared to abandon ship. A flag-hoist signal flew from her yard, but we couldn't read it, as we had no signal books.

Von Müller directed a signalman to perch himself in an exposed position on the bridge and to wigwag a signal in English: "No signal books aboard."

The answer came back instantly from the enemy in the form of salvo after salvo. The shells whistled and whined past. They plowed into the stricken Emden and exploded. Fires again sprang up everywhere.

I saw a stoker sink down to the deck, a shell splinter driven into the back of his head. Another lad screamed in agony.

The captain again gave permission to jump overboard. Again a few tried it, only to be crushed on the reef. The captain, however, stood there among his men. His face showed that he was carrying the pain and suffering of all those about him. He looked at the enemy, and I believe for an instant a look of supreme contempt passed over his countenance. Then he ordered that the German ensign be hauled down and a white flag hoisted. The firing ceased immediately and once more the cruiser steamed away from us at high speed. This time, however, she left one of the two boats. We saw, as it was rowed toward us, that it belonged to the Buresk.

But there went the ship that should have rescued us! It was hard now to cheer our wounded. Had she merely come to add to our misery?

Slowly the cutter pulled toward us until finally we saw that it was manned by our own German sailors from the Buresk. Lieutenant Fikentcher was in the stern. We asked eagerly what news he had to tell.

FOR the first time we learned the identity of our opponent. She was the Australian cruiser Sydney. After leaving us the first time she had hunted the Buresk. A shell across her bow convinced Kloepper that he had better pull up, but that didn't mean he was going to let the British have his ship and her 5,000 tons of coal. The sea valves were opened and the sea rushed into her hull. All small arms and secret signal books were destroyed. Two boats were lowered and provisioned so that the crew could save themselves if necessary.

The prize crew took a long time to get to the Buresk. Finally a bustling little officer climbed over the side and dropped to the deck with drawn revolvers in both hands. His prize crew followed him, all swinging heavy revolvers. They were a fiery-looking lot.

Kloepper was ordered to follow the Sydney; but when he explained that his ship was sinking the prize officer was furious. He ordered his signalman to report Kloepper's conduct to his chief on the Sydney. But by that time the signalman was hors de combat. He had discovered our liquor locker.

There was nothing to do but for every one to hurry into the boats and row to the Sydney. The cutters were towed astern, and that's how Fikentcher got to us. The Sydney was now bound for Direction Island to capture von Mücke and his landing party.

Still certain that our salvation depended on getting a line ashore, we tried again and again until suddenly darkness was on us. In complete exhaustion, we stretched out on the forecastle that was now cooled by the night air. Toward morning we slept.

At dawn, we later learned, the Sydney cautiously approached the Cocos wireless station on Direction Island. Their landing party put off in boats—to find that von Mücke and his men had taken a little schooner, the Ayesha, that was lying in the harbor, and had sailed away.

Had they dared to look at their German captives then, they would have been disturbed by the broad smiles that were on their faces. Von Mücke was never captured. He and his band made their way back to Germany to serve their Fatherland again.

As the morning sun climbed we on the Emden started our second day of torture. Many of the wounded were delirious. Von Müller ordered a signal flown which all the shipping world knows: "Am in trouble, need help."

We again attempted to reach the shore. To be sure, we had a boat at hand now, but we couldn't risk smashing it on the reef until we had to. It was agreed if the Sydney didn't return by late afternoon we would use it. We couldn't last much beyond that time, anyway.

About one o'clock, however, the Sydney was seen approaching with her boats swinging out.

TWO cutters were sent to us, and the officer in charge stated that the Emden's crew would be taken aboard the Sydney if Captain von Müller would give his word that none of his men would commit any unfriendly act while aboard. He agreed and the transshipment began.

The British sailors were all kindness in handling the wounded. In spite of a request that no special consideration be shown, the captain of the Sydney had sent his own gig for von Müller. He was the last to leave his ship. He saluted the Emden as he stepped over the side. His salute was also to the hundred and thirty-four dead that crowded her decks.

A boat was sent for the handful of men who had landed. They were brought back half mad from thirst and hunger. There had been neither water nor food on the island!

On the Sydney our wounded were rushed to the operating room. The English surgeons did everything possible for them and soon they were tucked into clean hammocks and given water and food. The officers turned their bathroom over to us and we found fresh white uniforms awaiting us. What interested us more was a good stiff highball followed by a hearty supper. It was the first food we had tasted for over thirty-six hours.

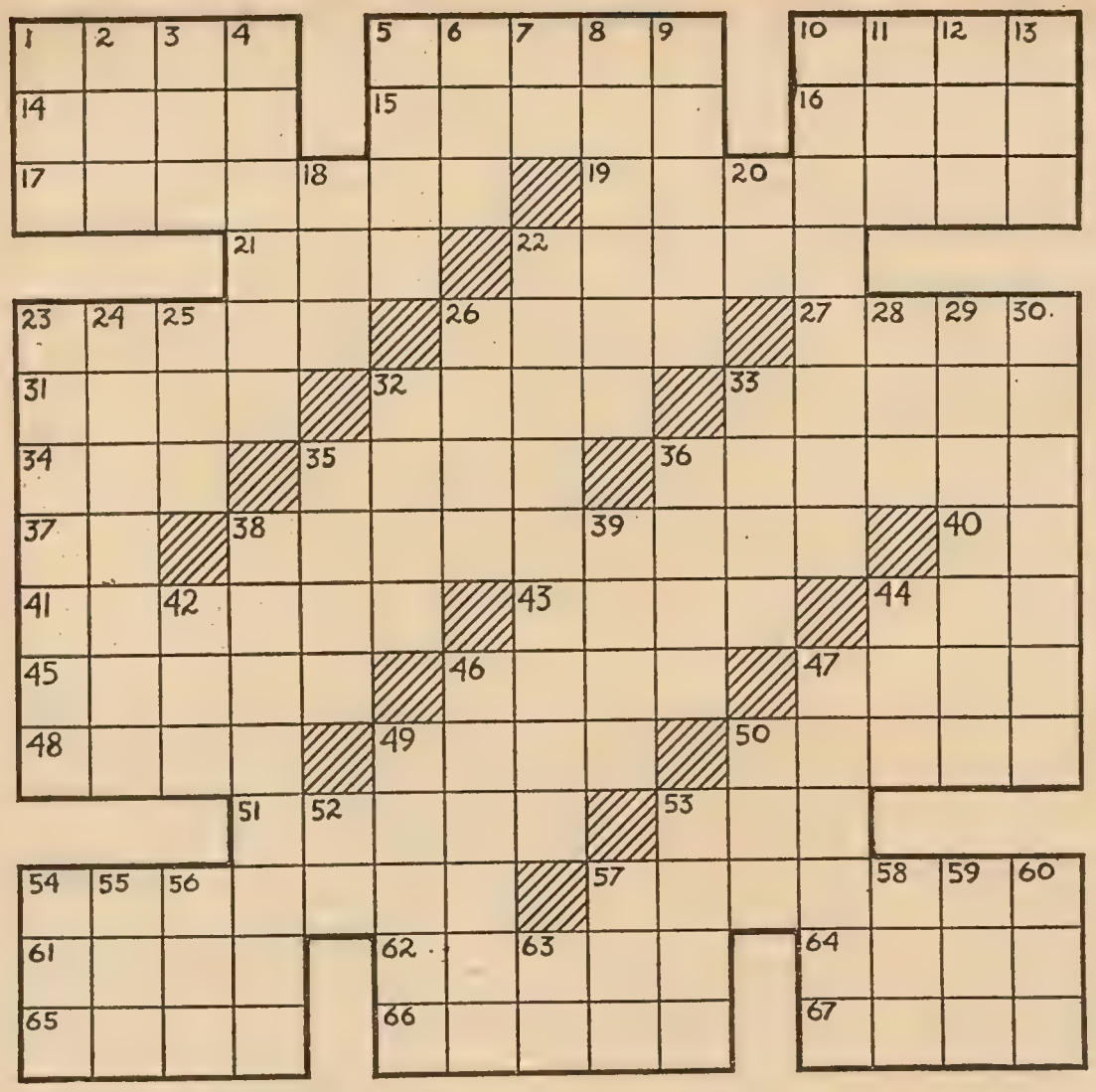
That night our hosts, or captors, laid before us a wireless message containing editorial comment on the destruction of our ship. The London Telegraph said: "It is almost in our hearts to regret that the Emden has been captured and destroyed." In the twenty years that have passed the verdict of the world has never changed. Captain von Müller has earned his niche in the hall of immortal seamen.

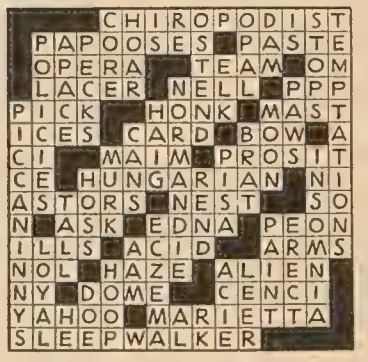
With no bases, no supplies, and all the world against him, for three and a half months he threw consternation into the Allied shipping of one half of the globe. He met his enemy fairly and greeted his captives with kindness. Not one of the thousand prisoners that he captured was so much as injured. The boldness of his attack on Madras and his perfectly planned expedition into Penang were the very essence of successful leadership.

But I shall always remember this indomitable, slight, quiet man in the hour of his great trial—when he faced the Sydney. As she hammered us to destruction he stood there, not trying to avoid her fire, seeking to edge into a position to strike his last blow for the Fatherland. It was always, "Closer, Gropius, closer!"

THE END

CROSS WORDS





Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Refuse coal
5 Proofreader's mark
10 To deposit, as a ballot
14 A continent
15 Go up
16 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
17 A crab that has begun to shed its shell (plural)
19 Exhibited bud variation (botany)
21 Control by inspiring dread
22 River in France
23 To sponge (colloq.)
26 Disembark
27 In the greatest or highest degree
31 On the ocean
32 Length of a step
33 For the time being
34 A Japanese coin
35 Associate in couples
36 Diggers
37 One indefinitely
38 Property inherited from an ancestor
40 By
41 Rolls of tobacco
43 Table provisions
44 A primate
45 Old-womanish
46 Ascend
47 Support for either end of a bridge span
48 A town in Spain
49 Man's nickname
50 Poets
51 Social group
53 Distant act of civility
11 Craft
12 Compass point
13 Man's nickname
18 A sheep
20 At the surface of, and supported by
22 Offering to a deity
23 A lynx of Africa and Asia
24 Stupid
25 A wild beast's lair
26 Den
28 A pronoun
29 Rubbed off
30 A canopy over a bed (plural)
32 Small mass, as of butter (plural)
33 Baseball team
35 Peel
36 Greater in quantity
38 Resembling a sovereign's residence
39 Face cover
42 A beverage
44 Melody
46 Coarsely offensive
47 Adherent of Persia's ancient religion
49 To dent
50 Exclude
52 Egyptian deity
53 Fairies
54 A plan
55 Form of to be
56 Female sandpiper
57 Unrefined metal
58 The hawthorn
59 Character in a poetic drama by Ibsen
60 Man's nickname
63 A king of Bashan
54 Woman's name
57 Boatman
61 Superficial content of a figure
62 Honor and praise accorded in worship
64 To lessen the pressure or tension of
65 The skin of a fruit
66 Moves by little and little
67 Observed narrowly

VERTICAL

1 Head covering
2 Utility
3 Position of a golf ball on a course
4 A kind of grape
5 To watch or guard
6 Metric measure of area (plural)
7 Japanese measure of distance
8 One of an extinct Jewish monastic order
9 Warm
10 Formal conventional

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

$1 MIRROR PLATEAU $1**

BEAUTIFUL New LATEST SENSATION CHROME ART WARE

The most outstanding and sensational bit of artware you've seen in years! It's taking hold everywhere in the country.

Beautiful chromium finish sailboat . . . we call it the Shamrock . . . gracefully reflected from a celestial blue mirror plateau. The Shamrock is made to harmonize with the finest surroundings. As a wedding or engagement gift it cannot be equalled.

8 other models—prices range from $1 to $10

Not only is the Shamrock cool and smart looking, but it makes a most refreshing table centerpiece as well.

Stands 8 in. high, costs you $1 postpaid, or a few pennies extra if you choose to pay postman. Celestial blue mirror plateau 6 in. x 6 in. costs you $1 postpaid, or a few pennies extra if you choose to pay postman.

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Mail your order today—Use Coupon. Your money will be refunded promptly if you are not completely satisfied.

General Chromium & Copper Corp., 325 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: You may send me ..... Shamrock Chromium finish sailboats at $1 ea. postpaid. Also include ..... celestial blue mirror plateaus at $1 ea. postpaid. I enclose [ ] check [ ] cash [ ] money order.

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[ ] I choose to pay postman $1 ea. plus few pennies postage for mirror plateaus.

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My dealer is.....

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216
EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

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LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

GAME OF MOVIE STARS

$2,000

IN CASH PRIZES

YOU'VE AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO WIN!

DRAWING NO. 11

NAME OF PLAYER.....

DRAWING NO. 12

NAME OF PLAYER.....

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.

2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY FROM THIS PAGE YOU MAY WIN THE $500 FIRST PRIZE

YOU still can enter this great game and win one of Liberty's substantial cash awards if you get started without delay. Begin by reading the rules. Then find the name in each of this week's drawings. That will start you on a winning entry. When you are sure you have correctly abstracted the two names, file your answers conveniently pending completion of your set.

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

To help you bring your entry up to date, Liberty will furnish free reprints of drawings 1 to 10 on all requests received on or prior to Wednesday, August 28. Mail a card or note to the contest address in Rule 6. The requested material will be forwarded without delay.

DRAWINGS 13 AND 14 IN THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WE will now rub out an old tradition, if you don't mind. No longer are real artists sensitive souls with delicate nerves and long, flowing fingers. Today you could mistake a lot of the best ones for prize-fighters.

For example, here's Leon Gordon, who paints so many portraits of celebrities. Mr. Gordon is big, brawny, boom-voiced. *Gusto* is the word for him.

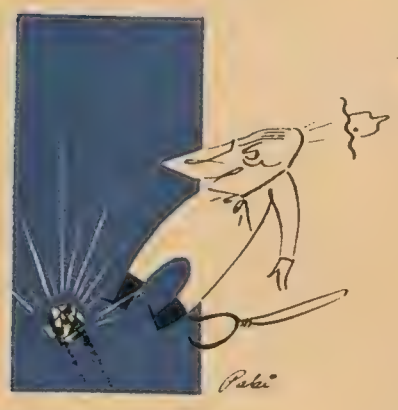
" Art," he told me, " is more athletic than aesthetic. A portrait painter needs more muscle than a mountain climber. We often work on our feet at top speed for twelve hours at a stretch. There's no letup in our line until we get the job done. I advise young artists to keep in training—play tennis hard, swim, run, box—put high power behind their punch. Then go ahead and paint."

LEON GORDON

Leon Gordon was born in Russia, educated in this country and France. Among his well known paintings are those of Calvin Coolidge, Manuel Quezon, Helen Keller, Gloria Swanson. Has just finished one of Dr. Florence Sabin, the woman whose brilliant tuberculosis research for the Rockefeller Institute won her recent fame. He didn't paint her in her white laboratory getup. Painted her in a pretty violet dress.

I asked him what kind of artists the taste of our American public is likely to create in the future.

" No public has ever created an artist," boomed painter Gordon. " The artists create the public! "



● A young man proposed to his girl.

"Darling," he said, "promise me you'll never get mad if I come home late for dinner."

" That's a funny request," she laughed. " Tell me why."

He explained. He's a professional air pilot. He flies mail and passenger planes, working always on the strictest schedule, one eye forever on the clock, racing time to the split second.

" Off the job," he confessed, " I can't stand the idea of punctuality. It drives me nuts. Please, darling, never ask me to be anywhere on time."

She agreed. Brave gal!

● How strange it feels to hold a million dollars in the palm of your hand—a million that looks no more impressive than ten cents' worth of drugstore camphor!

I had this experience the other day, and it almost gave me the creeps. Went to a private showing of the great, new, uncut Jonker diamond. Mr. Harry Winston, who owns the enormous stone, let us handle it to our hearts' content. (All the doors and windows, I noticed, were casually but continuously watched by certain sharp-eyed gents.)

The Jonker is the second largest diamond in the world, weighs more than a quarter of a pound (726 carats), is a little larger than a package of cigarettes, said to be flawlessly perfect, but won't look like much until they peel off the white skin caused by thousands of centuries of friction deep in the earth of Africa.

Harry Winston doesn't know yet whether he will cut it into several pieces or have it finished whole. Depends on which way he can get the most profit out of it. He won't tell, but I hear he paid three quarters of a million for it. Jacobus Jonker, the old Dutch farmer who found it, got about $300,000.

And *did* I get a kick when I held it in my hand!

● Splashed in big green letters on a brick wall:

" AGNES S. LOVES H. D."

I observe this romantic record at the corner of 124th Street and Park Avenue in New York City. You can see it from your train window if you sit on the eastward side. It always excites my imagination. The paint has been faded by years, faded by sun and weather. I wonder who they were—Agnes S. and H. D.

Did he love her as she loved him?

Are they still in love, are they married, or have they parted long ago?

The legend of their infatuation was daubed on the wall, no doubt, by some mischief-making comrade of their adolescence—some lively imp instinctively aware of the world's perennial appetite for love stories.

On walls and fences everywhere, written in pencil, chalk, or paint, we find these terse and realistic stories of young love.

I like to see them. I always read them.

Save me, please, from the day when Youth becomes too wise to advertise its awakenings in public places!

● Best, to my taste, among the summer books, are Ethel Mannin's Forever Wandering (published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.), and George Cronyn's novel, Fortune and Men's Eyes (published by Covici-Friede).

● Salad goes imperatively with chicken in the summertime. This Salad Vladimir goes equally well with roast chicken or fried chicken, with hot chicken or cold.

Slice 2 cups large cherries into halves and remove the pits. Marinate the cherries ½ hour in a little French dressing diluted with cherry juice and sweetened ever so slightly.

Add ¼ cup blanched almonds, shredded. Serve on nests of shredded lettuce.

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

Now, Suddenly, Come Fame and Fortune and a New Interlude of Madness in the Poignant Story of a Love that Would Not Die

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

THIS is Violet Chester's amazing life story—the story of a carefree girl transformed by fate and tragedy from a giddy chorine in the Capers of 1910 to a famous star.

Archie O'Riley was her true love and her husband for a few hours, but she lost him when he discovered that Tommie Greeley, a rich admirer, was in her room on their wedding night. Greeley died there that night, a victim of a heart attack. But Archie annulled the marriage and never learned that. Yet, after Violet in desperation had married playboy Lester Roth, he came into her life again—while she was on her honeymoon—swept her off her feet, and "Boof," his child but named for Lester, was born.

When Violet saw Archie again he was married to Fernand, his French dancing partner. Misery drove Violet into a rendezvous with Eddie Reynolds. It was a trap, set by Lester. There was a divorce.

Back to Archie she went, but as a dancing partner only, while Fernand gave birth to twins. Fernand's jealous temperament was soon fired. And a year later, when she was bearing another child, Archie, drunk, was reproaching Violet with harsh words because he sought to assuage the love he still bore for her. Violet left him, thinking he was going home, but when the child, Lorna, was born in the morning he was not at his wife's side. He was in jail, beaten in a street fight. Violet got him out, and Dr. Bertram McAllister, the most earnest and self-effacing admirer she had ever known—he had given considerable comfort and aid to Violet's disabled younger sister Mildred—patched him up.

Fernand went back to her dancing, but when she collapsed one night, Violet again took her place with Archie in the specialty act. It was then, still anguished by her hopeless love for Archie, that Violet decided to marry Dr. McAllister. They were married in March. In May he was killed in an automobile crash. Violet sought consolation in Archie's arms. They admitted their love for each other—but there were children, and Fernand. It was in April, 1917. War had just been declared. He enlisted. "If I come back, Vi," were his last words, "I'm coming back to you."

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I became a bathing beauty. One of the few in Hollywood who really knew how to bathe.

by DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

PART SEVEN—HOLLYWOOD

I HAD promised Archie to get well. And write.

So I got well. But it was slow business. I was in the hospital nearly a month, and then we went to the mountains. At a hotel beside a big lake which held the sunset in its arms until it grew dark . . . And I got stronger there and the family was unhappy enough to make me good and mad, which spurred me on to do something. Because mama was away from her money-making and spent hours and hours on the telephone, contradicting herself and fuming between calls. And Mildred shrank from meeting strangers who she insisted stared at her and pitied her.

We went back to New York, but the world was going on without me. I still wasn't strong enough to dance.

"Give yourself the year," counseled mama. "And get back to your lessons, and build up to something they have to buy."

So I did.

When I came back to New York I had visited Fernand. To find that she had moved, and they wouldn't tell me where. So I wrote her a letter, marked "Please forward." It was a masterpiece of a letter. And I got one back pronto. From Brooklyn. No address on it. She wrote:

I knew you'd track me down. I've been waiting for it. We've all moved out here because it's cheaper—and a lot cleaner. But now that you know, forget it, will you? For once in nearly five years there's no good reason why I have to look at your face. You can't imagine what a relief it is. Don't spoil it for me.

FERNAND.

P. S. You may be interested to know that I'm going to have a baby in February.

I tolled the months backward on my fingers—before

he came to the hospital to see me . . . But even so . . .

I didn't write him for several days. I couldn't. And then I got my first letter from him, and it was so full of love and concern for me, I felt ashamed. A man isn't sawdust . . .

I went back to writing him daily. He was my poison. I loved him. Whatever he did.

His letters seemed few and far between. I knew he was at the front and in the thick of it. Only he kept telling me what it meant to receive my letters.

I wrote Fernand once more. Just to ask where Lora was, because my last letter to her in the Philippines had been returned. And Fernand was decent enough to scrawl briefly that Lora was in France, driving an ambulance.

So I wrote Lora, but I never heard from her. And Archie's letters became scarcer until they quit entirely. At that, I became frantic . . .

But by then I was working.

In a new world, new work, and a new life. It happened through Cookie, of course, that I got into pictures. Cookie was earning a thousand a week. And every week. Cookie, as Lucy Lee, was a star.

I photographed well. It would be nice to be a star when Archie came back. He said he wanted me in the spotlight, where I belonged. If he came back to me . . . if he came back . . .

I was just beginning to be used to a camera when Cookie got the offer she had been waiting and maneuvering for. A Hollywood contract. And she talked me into going with her in June.

Hollywood was a different town from what you find out there today.

I BECAME a bathing beauty. One of the few in Hollywood who really knew how to bathe. I should have been thrilled for myself as Cookie was for me. But I was discontented.

Archie's letters had stopped completely. Days and weeks and months—and why? I wrote Lora, care of her auxiliary ambulance corps, and begged for news of Archie. But no answer.

There was Armistice. And soon there was prohibition. And I couldn't bear it any longer. I wrote Fernand. And my letter came back to me. I asked Rita in a wire to look Fernand up. Rita wired me back two days later that Mrs. O'Riley had moved and left no forwarding address.

So I went on grinning into a camera. And getting pies thrown at me. And bobbed my hair. And writing mama not to come out.

"Come on, dwink up," Cookie urged endlessly. "Put on as little as you can and I'll take you out to meet the wildest man in Hollywood."

Cookie and I dined one night at a supper club. A group of six. The wildest man in Hollywood came in a half hour late.

He came toward the table, stopped, and stared at me. Then he came over, bent down, and kissed me, his hand holding my chin.

"Yes," he said, "I'd like to meet you."

Gene Towers, the director. The kind of husky hardy Pole who changed his name in this country, wore pleated pants, and a green visor over his eyes. The kind who thought it was all one hell of a big joke and when he got through laughing he could take gas.

The girl who kept him buzzing around longer than three weeks was somebody. And I was somebody very shortly. So much so that in July they offered me a new contract. To work with Gene. From slapstick sex to dramatic passion. Four hundred and fifty a week with a sliding scale to give me a thousand in four years. And Gene said no. Gene said, "You sign with me. My personal contract. I'll have you up to a thousand in a year. In four years you can name your own figure. Only I get twenty-five per cent of what you earn."

HE had made others. Plenty of others. And he wouldn't work with me any other way. So I signed with him.

Evidently it was a hell of a job to make me act. I photographed like a million—had a dancer's body—but that's all he had to work with. But he sweated at it.

We were months finishing the first picture. Gene worked slowly and expensively. But when it was shown, they knew I was made. I knew it too.

Gene celebrated. One of those six-days-camping-in-the-woods celebrations where you fry your own fish and kill your own bugs, and a horse for the hell of it, and in between times you drink.

And I didn't like it. So on the way back Gene said:

"You're under my orders, and I want you to go to New York. I want you to find your Archie. Find out if he's alive or dead and why. You won't be half a woman until you do."

So I wired mama, and hopped a train the next day.

Mama met me. Looking so smartly groomed I barely recognized her. I hugged her savagely, and on the way home barely listened to how she had sold the house and how she was transferring Teddy to some California school.

Mildred had changed—so completely. She had a mechanical leg with stuffed stocking and low pump, and she moved about the house with a sleepwalker's gait.

Twenty-three and shockingly beautiful.

I was in time for Christmas. And we gave our usual party. And even Ratzy came. But nobody seemed to know about Archie.

"Sure," said Rita. "Lora's in town. Just returned, and her husband was all this time with the army of occupation. He's a lieutenant colonel now. She's going to be at my New Year's party. You can talk to her then."

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Your clothes must be Jekyll and Hyde this fall if you're to be smart, madame—from frightfully practical sports togs to the most impractically feminine raiment for social purposes. For sports nothing is so smart as the trouser skirt, which looks like a severely tailored skirt until you get active, but is then actually revealed as two—one for each leg. But the contrast for after-dark wear! All the fluff and frills of Godey's Lady's Book and all the jewelry you dig out or buy—real or otherwise—pearls, diamonds, and aigrettes in your hair. Believe it or not!

DORAMILLER.

"*You*, giving a party?" I gibed.

"Yeah"—she thumbed her nose at me as her hand went up to smooth her hair. "I've passed my hundred-thousand mark and I'm celebrating. The first party I've thrown in my life. It's in Lora's honor. She's only here for a month and is going back to the Philippines with her husband. He's to be stationed there."

The sight of Lora at that party was a frightful shock to me. She had never looked better than dowdy off stage, but now she looked years and years older, blowzy and over-made-up.

She was several drinks ahead of me when I got there and peered at me with her nearsighted look. Then she flung out her arms.

"Vi!"

But her kiss was maudlin, whisky-soaked, and the whisky was raw those days.

"And are you getting famous!" She pushed me back to regard me. "I hear your fan mail is—"

"Lora!" I drew her aside to a small hallway. "I've got to talk to you."

"No you don't!" She pulled away, her face clouded and defiant. "I don't talk war, see? I don't talk of anything in the past. Get it? I'm living in the present, understand?"

Her face was ugly. Angry.

"But, Lora—Archie? Was he—"

"Archie's home, where he belongs," she answered my first question.

"You mean—he's alive and back?" I felt myself slipping, but her harsh laughter stung me into full control again.

"So you haven't even heard from him?" she cackled. "That's rich. I'll tell you, it takes an O'Riley—"

"Lora, stop!"

She saw I meant it, and sipping some of her highball, watched me over the glass.

"If I could see him once," I said, knowing that my cheeks were hot. "Just once. . . . If I only knew where he was."

"Like hell I'll tell you," she said. "You leave him alone, see? If he wanted to see you he'd write you, wouldn't he? Any clown in the country knows how to reach Violet Chester."

SHE turned and walked away from me, her once lyrical voice raucously asking for a drink. I found my way into the room where the maid stored the wraps. Mine was ermine. I was in the spotlight, where I belonged. . . . Any clown in the country knows how to reach me . . .

I gave the maid a dollar.

"Tell Miss Hartley I've gone home," I said. "And let me out the back way, will you?"

Rita's voice called me. And a moment later she came into the bedroom. Behind her was the towering Pole who bossed my life.

"Look who's here!" screamed Rita excitedly.

He came over and put his arm around me.

"What's the matter, kid, any bad news?" Gene said.

"I'm kinda sick. I'm going home," I said.

He grunted. "Archie?"

"Yes," I said. "I came to New York and found him. Just like that. Back with his wife. He went back to her."

"They generally do," said Gene.

"Will you take her home?" Rita handed Gene his hat and coat.

"No, I won't take her home," he grinned. "I'm going to take her on a bust. I knew I was needed in New York."

I DON'T know what he said to me that night. Or where we went. I know we kept moving, and turned up at the noisiest places. I know the streets were jammed and the traffic noisy at midnight and Gene's lips on mine were no fooling.

"Come on, baby, laugh," he said. "I'm going to show you how to play . . ."

And for fifty-six hours solid Gene and I played.

"Can you say Archie?" he'd ask, grinning.

"Archie—who's he?" I heard my own thick voice.

A taxi and Gene rousing me. His voice saying to mama, "She must sleep . . . leave for Hollywood day after tomorrow."

So I slept, and the next I knew we were all headed for a train.

Mama put me to bed and I stayed there until we hit Hollywood.

"Can you say Archie?" Gene asked me sharply as the train drew into Glendale.

"It's all right, Gene," I smiled. "Let's get to work."

"I just thought I'd tell you"—he flung one arm over my shoulder, elaborately confidential—"that I got you a leading man whose name is Archie." . . .

We were a week at my old hotel, and mama had her a house.

Anything was O.K. by me, if they'd leave me alone. I had a job and I got to like it. I made three pictures that year.

I was changing. I almost had a soul. Even without trick lighting, I almost had a soul. And after two more pictures, Gene ordered a vacation. Hawaii. And at the last five minutes stayed on the boat himself and wired back.

Three, five, eight weeks in Hawaii. Time meant nothing. And back to pictures.

We made three, and then suddenly one night I heard my mother, bursting into the gymnasium where Gene and I were working and blazing out her mind.

"You two are being talked about. I suppose you know that? Today Sidney told me that Hollywood had had about all the scandals it could explain. I met him at the exchange and we had a drink together afterward. So you quit coming, see?"

"But, ma," Gene protested, "it's work."

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IODIZED OR PLAIN

An added reason for insisting on this famous non-caking salt that costs only 2c per week to enjoy!

An outstanding feature of the new Morton package is a spout that won't tear out. Made of rustless aluminum, it's securely fastened to the package with a sturdy aluminum hinge and thus can't possibly come loose.

Yet this improved pouring spout is only one of 5 advantages you get in Morton's Salt! So look for the smart new blue-and-yellow Morton package the very next time you buy.

NOTE THESE 5 ADVANTAGES

1. Non-caking cube crystals — "When it rains, it pours."
2. Full, even flavor — never too weak or too strong.
3. A securely-hinged spout that won't tear out.
4. Easy-to-handle package — one that really fits the hand.
5. Full honest measure — not deceptively filled.

"Tell that to the public," said mama hotly. "My Vi can't stand a scandal. She has a reputation now she doesn't deserve. It's bad enough for people to think you're living together—I won't have them think you're doing it here under my nose! Now take a good look at that!"

"That" was a heap of newspaper clippings she slapped on the table. Mildred's clipping bureau, I suppose. And they weren't amusing. Written in innocent prose, they weren't as simple as they sounded.

"What about getting married?" Gene suggested offhand. "What do you say, Vi? We've got to work. I can stand you for a few years."

"I guess I could stand you too," I shrugged. "It would simplify matters."

"We'll get married, then."

"Oh, my God!" groaned mama. "I warn you I will never call you son."

"That's a break," said Gene.

So we were married—I don't know—a few weeks later, I think.

And because everybody snapped at everybody, we got a house of our own.

Began the most awful period of my life. This, said Gene from the start, was a business arrangement. Neither was in love with the other, and no nonsense about it. We each could have our own little lives. Me with my family. He with whatever took his fancy.

He built me up year after year. He never lost interest in me as an actress.

We made a couple of pictures. And we went to China. With a crowd. And a road man ahead of us. So that I could get duly greeted everywhere and presented with this and that.

I was tight most of the time, when I was let alone. To—oh, where all did we go?

We were gone a year. We went into jungles and shot things. I don't know where, and it was plaguy uncomfortable but made good copy and I could wear amusing costumes. We got once in a while into civilization. And I would sober up and be very unpleasant.

Once in a while I'd lose Gene. He would just disappear.

He'd show up in due course, and he always told me what woman he'd been with in case I met her. But he'd be gay and very amusing. And he was the only exciting lover I'd ever known. When he got around to it. Depended on his mood.

And eventually we went home.

It was nice to be at work again. Both of us liked it—no feeling like a spanking new harness.

If it hadn't been for so much money rolling in, Gene would still be tops. He wouldn't be living off my earnings, sousing around and collecting from me every month. I don't want to go into all that happened.

We split eventually. It had to be. We couldn't stand each other.

We were "friends." We even made a couple of pictures together during the divorce proceedings and in the long year which followed—the year California holds you in check, forbidding you to remarry.

I FIGURED that mama needed a change of scene and thought. And Mildred should see something of the world.

After a great deal of argument, I saw them off on a round-the-world trip that would take them two years.

Teddy was up in Stanford University, so I suddenly found myself quite alone in a house you were apt to get lost in if you didn't keep your wits about you.

My old dependable, Cookie, was in New York. She had been going to New York an awful lot lately, and I gathered she was in love there—but she wouldn't tell me about it.

I was working very hard. Chiefly because it was my first picture without Gene. And I wanted to show the world I didn't need him. But after work—what?

Violet Chester went the way of all flesh. I broke out into parties. I went in for gambling and thought it a huge bore. I bought clothes and worked up a reputation as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. But it's a lot of work, that. And if somebody said "We're going to Mexico for the week end," I went. And I bought a boat, and after being lost on it for two days in a storm, I sold it again.

And my producer sent for me and tut-tutted.

"Listen, Sidney," I said. "I've been a good girl for years and years. I make millions for you, and more than enough for myself. My cat's away and I'm playing."

Sidney wired my mother. Mother, it seemed, was in a hospital in Cairo with typhoid. They had been keeping it from me because of what the worry might do to me.

So I packed and went over to her. On the first boat. She hadn't any typhoid—it was a gag to spade me out of Hollywood. She wasn't sick at all.

And on the trip home of all people in the world I ran into Eddie Reynolds, the man who had framed me for Lester and who, I think, was the only man in the world I ever really hated. His writing was just bitter and soiled enough to be selling big and talked about bigger. He had a you're-another attitude.

THIS was back in the days when captains really gave dinners, and Sidney had wired me to play up because he hoped to get the line to let him use the ship in port as a set. So I was playing up, in all my diamonds and a gown that fitted me with less wrinkles than my skin.

Eddie Reynolds was at the table. And I cut him cold. So that nobody at the table was in doubt about it, either.

A man, entering the dining room, spied Eddie and started toward him. As he approached I thought his features were familiar, and puzzled.

"That's Frazzoli," the man next to me murmured behind his napkin, and I nodded. One of the most famous gangsters in the United States.

The captain rose, accepting an introduction with a geniality that was painful. And Eddie, name by name, presented each person at the table.

As he came to me, where the circle ended, he smiled.

"And, of course—you've no doubt recognized Violet Chester. 'Public Enemy Number Two' certainly should know Public Sweetheart Number One."

The captain put his hand on Eddie's arm.

"You'll apologize for that, sir," he said.

"My apologies," Eddie bowed. "To you both."

The gangster looked pained.

"Don't expect nothing from Eddie," he snapped. "Even an education can't help a heel like him."

"Very neatly put," said the captain with a confectionary smile. "Suppose you dine with him and explain it? Steward, Mr. Reynolds is dining with Mr. Frazzoli."

In a snap Reynolds's place was cleared from our table. The captain opened champagne and proposed a pretty toast to me.

But the gossip spread through the ship. When you get a label like that in the midst of a holiday group—people who admire you and want to meet you and at the same time envy your insides—why, it spreads.

I kept to my stateroom after that. And when Frazzoli sent down messages, I paid no attention. Until at last he came to see mama. And mama decided she liked him. She told him the whole story of Reynolds and Lester and Boof and the divorce.

The next night Eddie Reynolds fell overboard. Drunk. Everybody saw him drunk. Nobody saw Frazzoli near him all night. Nobody on board was known to be connected with Frazzoli. Eddie Reynolds fell overboard, and that was that. There was no investigation—no questioning. Nothing. It was just something that happened.

Sidney flew on from Hollywood. I was taken off the ship at quarantine, and flew back West with him.

"I got an idea," he told us in the car headed from the field into town. "I think it would be smart to make a picture based on this whole story and giving our version of what happened, see?"

So we went into quick production. Making one of the first of the pictures glorifying the gangster.

I found that Frazzoli and mama corresponded. Mama meant something to him. She meant—mother. And when he died in the chair three years later, it was my mother's picture and not his own mother's that he carried on his walk to the death cell.

About that time I was getting mail addressed to Public Sweetheart Number One. And Sidney, having

devised special handling for them, had them routed through his office. So he called me one day and gave me one of them.

"What does the name O'Riley mean to you?" he asked.

"Plenty."

I opened the cheap yellow paper with blue lines.

"Public Sweetheart," it said—"Violet . . . ":

. . . Tonight I have no courage. I look at the pictures of you which I've cut from the fan magazines and keep hidden from other eyes. I have written you so many times in the last long years, and always written with love that is strong enough to make me tear up my letters. Violet, what are you—how are you? I stood your marriage to your director, and said nothing. I read of the divorce and still kept from sending you a letter. But this story—this label they have pinned on you, Public Sweetheart Number One— Are you like that now? Or are you the Violet I remember and love? I promised to come back to you. That's all I lived for, when I really should have died. When they expected me to die. And then I didn't come back to you. Because I wasn't worth having. For months, in the hospitals, I wanted to write and tell you that I was checking out and for you to go your way. I was afraid you'd love me so much you'd try to do something. And there was nothing. And there was nothing to be done. I was married, I had children, one I hadn't even seen in those days. I was helpless probably for life . . . and I had caused enough trouble and upset and heartache without involving you further and hurting Fernand in doing so. She's been so good to me and so brave. . . . I have no right to write at all, but I think I didn't expect to live so long. And you are in my thoughts constantly and I find I can't forget you. I wish I could see you in the movies. I'm not able to get to a movie. That's the way the war left me. I'm weak enough tonight to tell you. And if it means anything—even pity, which I loathe, write to me. Write to me care of Miss Hinklebaum, 2200 Grand Concourse, N. Y. C.

ARCHIE.

I wrote to him that night. I wrote my heart out.

Unable to stand inaction, I telephoned Cookie. She was in the midst of fireworks. Cookie had fallen for Cynthia's husband, and Cynthia had just found out.

Pretty. And Cookie of all people—who had gone through life side-stepping big nasty men.

EVENTUALLY she went to the Grand Concourse for me. And reported no such person as Miss Hinklebaum at the address—and then carried on hysterically about her own man worries.

Wally, said Cookie, was hell-bent for divorce, children and society notwithstanding. And Cynthia wouldn't give him one. Wally went to Mexico. Cookie came back to the studios to work and prepare for marriage.

And Cynthia came out to see me! Why me? Because I was the only friend in the world she could depend on, said Cynthia, haggard with weeping. And I had influence on Cookie. And Wally would come to Hollywood when he was free, and I'd stand by her, wouldn't I?

I got another letter from Archie:

You must promise not to look me up. You sent somebody to find Miss Hinklebaum. You won't find her, and if you stir up anything, we'll have to quit. The chance to make our lives our own has gone by. Fernand is the bravest soul I have ever known, and in all decency I wouldn't permit anything to upset her. But if you love me enough to write me once in a while, and let me write you, it would make life easier. But only on condition, Vi, that it goes no further. So if you're willing on this basis, then for God's sake give me that much of yourself.

Yes, I was willing. And I wrote him so.

It was a long time before Archie wrote of himself, and of the conditions in which he lived. I gathered that a milkman was buddies enough to mail Archie's letters, and pick up those sent to Miss Hinklebaum. And that Miss Hinklebaum was a name used by a Legionnaire who helped out a bunch of fellows in various ways and under that name. That Legionnaire was Archie's closest and best friend—the kind who would come up of an evening and play pinochle and talk for hours. . . .

Eventually I learned that Archie's back had been hurt

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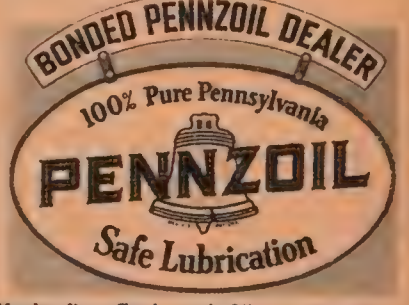

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and that he was paralyzed from the hips down. He wouldn't give me details, hating to talk of the war, but after that, who cared about details anyway? I wrote frantically of course about specialists. But it seemed the government had supplied great specialists. Everything had been done that could be done.

So that was why he had quit writing to me. Months—a year in hospitals. And then the knowledge that his life had been saved—for nothing.

I wrote Archie, saying, "Darling, your life mustn't be vague. You weren't made for inactivity. You've got to find a way, because I feel you are desperate. What about your law? When I met you, you were set on becoming a great lawyer. Can't you go back to it now?"

I guess it was a good half year before Archie really seized on the suggestion. And it was "Miss Hinklebaum" who finally made it possible. He came every morning and took Archie to a law office where Archie worked as clerk.

Archie had one year to his credit—that long-long-ago year of N. Y. U. Law School. And his war service automatically gave him an additional year's credit. So if his health held, and he could work two years as a "clerk" at Oliver, Hasty, and Firthman's, he would be permitted to take bar exams after due affidavits of his work from his employers and himself. He was going to specialize in corporation law, wrote Archie, shyly exuberant, and if I wanted really to send him a Christmas present, would I send him the following books, which he could not afford, and send them through Miss Hinklebaum?

It went to my head like wine. I didn't need liquor. I lived a spiritual life in my letters, and I had never known a spiritual life before. Just emotion. My pictures were greater than ever.

I tried to explain what I felt to Cynthia.

I said to her: "Cynthia, you've had Wally for years. If he wants to go, let him go in peace. You have your children. You have mansions and money and social position and power. You can do good with it."

I went East with Cynthia and stayed until after Cookie and Wally flew to Las Vegas and were hastily married. And I left her planning to turn two of her palatial homes into temporary orphanages, a home for unloved kids who'd stay in these places until Cynthia found people who would adopt them.

I returned home relieved and content, only to find my sister Mildred going positively neurotic. Slowly consumed with nerves, finding nothing to take the place of the need for love. She had taken an interest in a pale, rather high-strung boy who was working his way through engineering school.

We had Arnold around frequently. He was shabby, yet there was a pride of bearing that backed up his prattle of a fine impoverished family name. Only Mildred could follow the overornate avenues of his bookish conversations.

Perhaps he had been around, more and more frequently, for eight months or so when mama and I approached him.

WE told him to consider every angle. He was young, and a free man, but with no family and a few friends. Married to Mildred, our home would be his home. We would see to it that any amount he needed was supplied to finish his education and to supply a laboratory.

If he loved Mildred enough, to marry her and above all to keep from her any faint mention of our proposition.

I remember watching Arnold as he listened to us, his lips a thin line, his cigarette glowing unheeded in his long nervous fingers.

Arnold spoke slowly. Very deliberately. Yes, he was fond of Mildred. She had a brain. But he had not considered marriage. Would we—since we were talking frankly—would we make any outright settlement . . . enough for him to finish college? suggested Arnold softly. Enough for the two years' remaining study here?

Certainly, smiled mama.

Arnold proposed three weeks later. No fool, he didn't hurry things.

And when Mildred told us, eyes shining, face young, and childishly happy, I was thrilled, as mama was thrilled, that we had been smart enough to manage it.

Arnold was grand. Quiet and gallant, he was a model fiancé. And he was the sort of son to mama and brother to me that Teddy could have been.

They were married in June, when his school closed, and they went on a two months' honeymoon, and while they were gone a new addition was built for them to our house.

Teddy, having finished college, had gone to Paris to study art. Mama sent him a hundred dollars a week, and heard from him chiefly through her canceled checks.

She decided to go over and find out what he expected to do with his life.

So again I found myself alone. I had a talk with Sidney and decided on a quick trip to New York.

I wired Archie that I was coming and begged for his telephone number. And he wired it back to me, telling me not to speak unless he answered.

I WASN'T going to a hotel and be stared at. So when the train reached the station I posed for all the pictures, spoke my piece, and went to the hotel, changed to punk clothes, and went down the service way. And I took a cab directly to Rita's apartment.

I rang interminably, and had just decided she must be away when a man opened the door. He was tall and extraordinarily handsome. He had a very experienced face.

"Is Rita in?" I asked.

He nodded, and opened the door fully. As I entered he reached for a slouch hat, put it on, and left the apartment. Without a word.

I stood a moment, puzzled, and then yelled for Rita. She came out of her bedroom.

"Did you see Pepa?" she said.

"Pepa—is *that* who that is? The little Italian you were once in love with?"

She nodded dully.

"We've been seeing each other more than a year. He brought me home at one last night and we've been arguing. I *knew* we'd be caught if we ever started—"

I followed her into her room and took off my hat.

"Well, I must say," I nagged, "that neither of you look very happy!"

"We're not," she said soberly. "We're miserable. I passed him up a few years ago, Vi, because he was poor. He's one of the richest men in New York City today. And one of the most powerful. He bosses the bosses. The power behind the throne. They call him Joe the Big Gas.

"He loves me," Rita went on. "He says he's always loved me and that he made good just to measure up to me."

"But I suppose he's married and what not?"

"Sure."

"Kids?"

She nodded.

"And I suppose his religion won't permit a divorce?"

"He wants to be seen with me. He wants me known as his girl—when I could have been his wife!"

"Rita," I said firmly. "You sicken me. You love him. But you never love him quite enough. Not quite enough now to be his mistress. For heaven's sake, what do you want?"

"I don't know." She leaned back in her chair. "I just know I can't resist him. I'm thrilled when I see him. I'm miserable when he goes. But I hate the thought of living with him like that. And all it means."

"Aw, hell!" I said. "May I use your telephone?"

She caught hold of my hand. "You don't understand. It's different with me, Vi."

"Migod, Rita! You're at least thirty-six. You're no beauty. I think you're very lucky to find somebody at all interested in you."

I called Archie's number. Fernand answered the phone. I recognized her voice. So I hung up.

I phoned Cynthia. It took me three tries to locate her out in the country. With much genuine delight she greeted me, and hearing of my predicament, swore she'd be in town by six and would open her apartment.

I went back to Rita. "Look here," I said. "I got stung in love myself, and you know it. I'd give my soul to have another chance. At any price. You've got your chance. If I were you, I'd be the best damn mistress in history. Because you love him. Because he loves you."

Around dusk, I transferred to Cynthia's apartment and Cynthia's problems. Cynthia was looking at least two years younger. She was so full of her orphan babies I almost adopted one. She was so full of orphan babies, I began to think of Boof. I wondered how old he was. Almost thirteen.

I began to remember the night he was born. . . . I began to drink.

I got Archie on the phone. Hearing his voice, my throat stuck and I couldn't speak. I called back again in a few moments. But there was no answer.

I kept calling. Hour after hour. And every time there was a woman's voice. Cynthia put me to bed.

Then Cynthia turned the world upside down. And got to Miss Hinklebaum. Only a gal who reeked of society could do that. Society and middle age.

BY the time I came to, along about high noon, Cynthia had word for me: Archie wanted to see me.

Archie hoped that on Sunday he could fix it so that Fernand and Lorna and Susy, the baby, would go to Teterboro.

There were relatives there who had begged them to visit and had offered to send a car. If they would go, then all would be safe. And I could come up and spend most of the day with him.

I went completely frantic. Praying that I would see Archie. Talk to him.

The week had to be lived through. Now Fernand was going. Now she wasn't.

In the meantime Cynthia and I filled the hours. Her own children treated Cyn as if she were a girl friend; they were hardy pagans—even the little fat one. I had to ride out and see her motherless babies. And on returning, I would always call my lawyer. When could I see Boof? *When?* He was at school in Virginia. . . . Well, but I could go down to Virginia and visit him—any Thursday— Sorry, the lawyer called back, but the boy has chicken pox and is in quarantine.

The lawyer seemed to sympathize with me, so I went down to see him. He told me he'd have to talk with the boy personally and perhaps get him to write me. I went away happier. But months later the lawyer wrote me that the boy refused to write and of course there was no way to make him if he didn't want to.

WE partied a bit. Because nights are so long. And we took Rita in hand. We had her almost beautiful. We went on a few parties with her and Pepa, and we prodded Rita into hilarity. We liked Pepa, Cynthia and I.

"And how is Cookie?" Cynthia would say ever so often.

"Oh, she's very poorly," I'd answer blithely. "I mean I adore Cookie, but she's getting a little pulpy now that she's married. You know how it is."

"I learned it from the book," Cynthia would nod, soberly happy. "I give her five years."

"Oh, Cyn, that's generous," I'd say. "How many hours is it now until Sunday?"

"I'll call Miss Hinklebaum," said Cynthia, "and ask."

"What does Miss Hinklebaum look like, Cyn? Does he have a beard?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said so innocently I would always drop the subject.

At nine thirty Sunday morning Archie called. His voice sounded as excited as I felt. I could come up—right now! And for the first time he gave me the address.

The ride up to the fringe of the city where Archie lived seemed interminable. I saw his face at the window as we drew up before a stringy red-brick house with white powdery streaks all over the brick. I saw his face, and forgot the surroundings.

Will the love that spurred Violet on to fame and fortune be victorious eventually, in face of all the disheartening odds? Will this rendezvous lead to a new lease on life and happiness for her and Archie? What will he do about Fernand and the children? Read the answers in next week's issue.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★★★★ **AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD PROSE** edited by Carl Van Doren. Reynal & Hitchcock.

The best anthology of poetry ever assembled was done by Mark Van Doren. Now comes Carl Van Doren with an anthology of prose which is a most valuable book. Here is a perfect gift for any one at all interested in good literature, especially those who did not major in literature courses.

★★★ **STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE** by Jane Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A widowed mother seeks the companionship of her three daughters, who have little time for her because each has her "own life to live." She finds peace and happiness in an old forgotten lover.

★★★ **DEEP DARK RIVER** by Robert Rylee. Farrar & Rinehart.

A most human story of a fine-type Negro, a brave woman lawyer, the unjust drunken white man—all dramatically told.

★★½ **CAT ACROSS THE PATH** by Ruth Feiner. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A lucky man, an unlucky one, and an inordinately beautiful girl live a story of poignant suspense against a colorful European background.

★ **BRUTE** by Millard Ward. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Story of a boy whose lack of understanding of the ethical code of Annapolis gets him misunderstood, then fired from the academy. He enters the prize ring and loses the National Championship rather than hit a man who is "out on his feet." This gives him ethical standing and the girl he finally decides he loves. Lots of football, athletics, and boxing. Will interest male readers from fourteen to nineteen years old.

★ **TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A KING** by the Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain. The Macmillan Company.

This is a photographic record, beautifully printed, of the reign of King George.

★ **BLOW, DESERT WINDS!** by William Corcoran. D. Appleton-Century Company.

A melodrama of the wide-open spaces with two-gun men, ranch feuds, a heroine in danger, and all the elements of an old-time Western movie.

THE LEFT-HANDED PASSENGER by Felix Riesenberg. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The story of a cruise ship on its return trip from Havana to New York. The captain is murdered and the ship burns. The man who commits the murder and starts the fire, a crook wanted by the police for previous murders, is made a hero in the end and goes scot-free. A highly immoral performance.

Vox Pop

GRAB BOTTLE AND RUN

ROME, GA.—Edna M. Fuller (July 13 Vox Pop) really should be helped with her problem of ammonia bottles. She is wrong in desiring a loop-handled jug. She might get her finger caught, which might necessitate amputation in removing the bottle. Flaring-mouthed bottles might cause ammonia bubbles to float forth, which is not advisable.

I recommend taking a sponge to remove all soapy water from bottle, wrap bottle in large Turkish towel for one hour; remove towel, sprinkle lightly with a good grade talcum powder, grab bottle with both hands, run to the neighborhood morgue, and drink contents.—*I. Ope Telpyu.*

READY FOR HANGING

MUSKEGON, MICH.—I would like to meet that idiot, G. C. Konkler, who wrote Get a Job or—Hang, in July 20 Vox Pop. Jobs are scarce as hens' teeth. Three of us have been trying to get any kind for the last eight months.

Well, Mr. Konkler, if you can't get me a job or if I can't get one myself by January first, I'll be ready for hanging. —*William K. Ziegler.*

WE'LL MAKE UP FOR IT

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO—I am out a nickel. I bought my July 13 Liberty today, only to discover that there was no short short story in it. Next week I shall look before I buy.—*Short Short Reader.*

BOXING IN HIGH SCHOOLS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Why is boxing prohibited in our country's high schools as a competitive sport interscholastically? There are a few reasons which I can name for the social betterment and welfare of the game if it is included in scholastic sports. The argument against it could be remedied by the use of twelve- or sixteen-ounce gloves. Injuries are more likely to occur on the gridiron than in the boxing arena. Better talent might develop in the schools for professional ring honors.

I intend to start a movement for legalizing scholastic boxing in my own city. If successful, I hope other cities follow. —*Jack Downes.*

JEWS MARRYING GENTILES

CHICAGO, ILL.—I most enthusiastically agree with George Bernard Shaw (July 6 Liberty) that Jews and Gentiles should intermarry, although I don't think he used good sense in going to the extreme by inferring that those Jews who do not marry Gentiles should be classed with incesters. That's plain trash.

The tendency among patriotic-spirited American Jews is to marry Christians. It is done solely on the grounds of the purest elements of mutuality and freedom of expression and action.—*Sheldon Krim.*

FORT SMITH, ARK.—With reference to mixed marriages, Mr. Shaw, the Jew remaining as a separate entity has always fared better in the history of the world. As a rule rather than an exception where such marriages are made, the Jew usually gets the worst end of the bargain and, in addition to the religious complexities that are created, political boomerangs usually make all parties concerned miserable.—*R. P. Seyfer, Jr.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—No better answer to G. B. Shaw in July 6 Liberty could be made than that given in the American Hebrew and Jewish Tribune for June 28. I give you an extract:

"Shaw's utterances in the current issue of Liberty as reported by an interviewer cannot be taken at the face value accorded so-called serious thinkers. Shaw, tongue in cheek, has always delighted in dancing on the point of a paradox and tweaking the nose of common sense. . . .

"There have been others among the pundits who advised intermarriage as the grand prize solution of the Jewish problem. Not long since, Theodore Dreiser said much the same. If forcing every Jew and Jewess into Christian marital alliance were worth a second thought, Shaw would not have had it in the first place."—*Sensible.*

A FUTURE GREAT

SHERMAN, TEX.—In Liberty of July 13 we read Dora Macy's Public Sweetheart Number One. We are of the opinion you have discovered a future great in Dora Macy.—*J. N. Fain.*

HOW FOSTER FOUND "SWANEE"

MADISON, FLA.—The item in May 25 Tisn't So about Stephen Foster and the Suwannee River is not true. Stephen Foster wrote the song while in Florida. He visited the river at a point about fifteen miles from Madison, Florida, and also at Suwannee Springs. Some of the ancestors of Madison County entertained him.—"*Sis*" *Hopkins.*

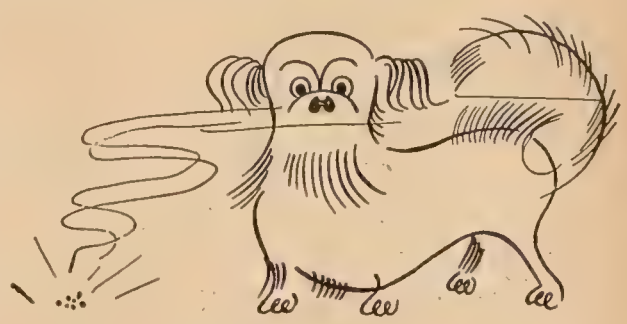
[R. E. Doan replies: All available authoritative data indicates that the information "Sis" Hopkins has regarding Stephen Foster writing the song Swanee River in Florida, and having written it especially about the Suwannee River, is incorrect. The original version of the song, written in Foster's own handwriting in his manuscript book, is, I believe, still on exhibition in the Foster Memorial Homestead in Pittsburgh. It reads:

"Way down upon de Pedee ribber,
Far, far away."

The story of this song, as related by Morrison Foster, Stephen's brother, is: Stephen came to Morrison's office (in Pennsylvania, not Florida) one day and asked him to suggest a two-syllable name of some Southern river to use in a song. Morrison's first suggestion was "Yazoo," but Stephen did not like this. Morrison then took down an atlas, came across "Swanee," and Stephen exclaimed: "That's it—that's it exactly!"]

MACHINE TO HOLD ITS NOSE

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.—The Bloodhound Machine (The World of Tomorrow, July 13 Liberty) doesn't sound so hot. A clever criminal might possibly think far enough ahead to deposit in the victim's house before departing a stink bomb which would no doubt cause the bloodhound machine to hold its nose. —*W. J. Minville.*



MR. GREEN'S SKILL

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Where Labor Stands, by William Green, in June 29 Liberty, was worth reading even if only to appreciate the skill with which Mr. Green can camouflage facts and make mountains of molehills—which ability, no doubt, explains how he came to be president of the A. F. of L.—*A. M.*

WHAT MAKES PURITY AND DECENCY SO FINE

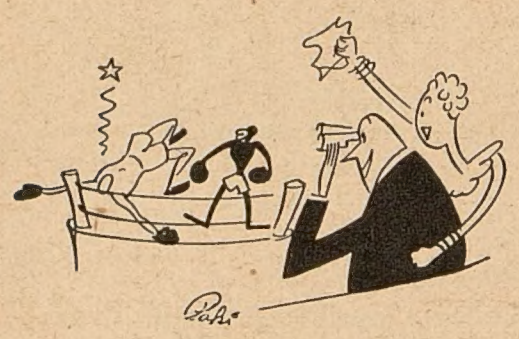
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Several of your Vox Poppers say that nudity decreases immorality. Aw, gee—what would be the good of living if one couldn't be a little immoral at times? It's very easily understood that after a debauch one appreciates convention all the more and contrast is really what makes purity and decency so fine.

I believe all bluenoses and reformers should periodically go out on a spree to enable them to estimate their creeds and ideals in a more profound light.—*H. Anthony Wayne.*

CAN JOE LOUIS STOP WAR?

DETROIT, MICH.—Seventy thousand people in the Yankee Stadium on June 25, 1935, saw one of Mussolini's subjects, Primo Carnera, the ex-heavyweight champion, get the beating of his life at the hands of Detroit's Brown Bomber, Joe Louis.

What effect will this have on Mussolini's desire for war with Abyssinia?



Will he try to revenge himself on the land of Joe Louis's forefathers or will he drop all plans for conquest in the Dark Continent for fear that the Tan Terror, Dusky Dynamiter, Dark Destroyer, Sepia Slugger will go over and help the Ethiopians annihilate him?—*Stanley J. Gajos.*

IT'S HIS IDEA

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It's my idea to start a campaign to do away with Ted Shane. I'd like to hear what other Vox Poppers have to say on this idea of mine.—*David Osterweil.*

KILL LAWS AUTOMATICALLY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'd like to see a discussion by everybody as to the wisdom of some provision whereby every statute would die a natural death in five years unless re-enacted, and when enacted three times it would become permanent until repealed. This would kill off the bad laws. The good ones would be enacted three times and would become permanent. Would it be a real advantage or improvement and therefore worth trying?—*E. H. Hobbs.*

BILLS OUT OF A HAT

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—I am a rising young dealer here and have had a lot of trouble in getting certain customers to pay their bills. Finally I lost patience and wrote them a threatening letter. After a few days I received this reply:

"Dear Sir:

"What do you mean by writing me such a letter? Every month I place all my bills in a hat and then figure out how much money I have to pay on my accounts. Then I draw as many bills out of the hat as I have money to pay.

"If you don't like my way of doing business I won't even put your bills in the hat. Yours very truly,
Richard Roe."

Mr. Vox Pop, I'm asking you, man to man, what do you think of this?—*X. Y. Z.*

HOW LONG WILL FREEDOM—?

READLYN, IA.—In July 13 Liberty I was particularly interested in the editorial written by Bernarr Macfadden on Freedom—How Long Will It Be With Us?

I would like to think of our Constitution as rigidly fixed as the Rock of Gibraltar. In reviewing some articles of the Constitution, it hurts to think of some of the selfish and malignant inroads which in the present day have created a diseased unrest very close to a crisis. Yet we have political physicians who are overlooking the essentials and applying sedative emollients until after the election. Would it be amiss to X-ray the Constitution to see what part is creating the unsound functioning?—*Emelie Osnes.*

DENVER, COLO.—Mr. Macfadden asks how long freedom will be with us. It will be with us for a long time, thanks partly to his courageous, clear-sighted editorials.

He speaks of the courage of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. How about giving himself a little credit for its preservation?—*H. T. Pershing, Jr.*

GREENSBORO, N. C.—I have been a faithful reader of Liberty since the first copy was published. The most important items are Bernarr Macfadden's editorials.—*William F. Mendelhall.*

"I don't let them play with shovels—last year they buried their father and we never did find him."

SIX MONTHS, NO MURDER

LATELY it came to our notice that Milwaukee was proud of the fact that a murder had not been committed in its confines for a period of six months.

We are accused of being the most homicidal people on earth. But haven't we many spots where murder is unknown or infrequent? How many other cities of Milwaukee's size can match her record?

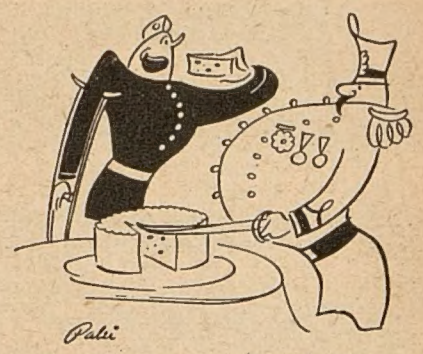
And are there not many towns and villages in this land of the free-for-all where there has *never* been a murder?

Give us your answer, Vox Poppers.

VOX POP EDITOR.

ASHAMED TO CARRY SABERS

CANTON, OHIO—Generals in any nation's army should be ashamed to carry sabers by their sides, as they never get near enough to the danger where they are supposed to use them. Sabers made



for generals are used only in parades and for slicing war birthday cake for soldiers who were crippled by them in no man's land.—*Ex-Service Man.*

MAN'S LAW COMES FIRST

EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO—Obey the golden rule. It is more important than the law of self-preservation. The former is the highest law of mankind, the latter merely the first law of nature.—*Sanford Gelfand.*

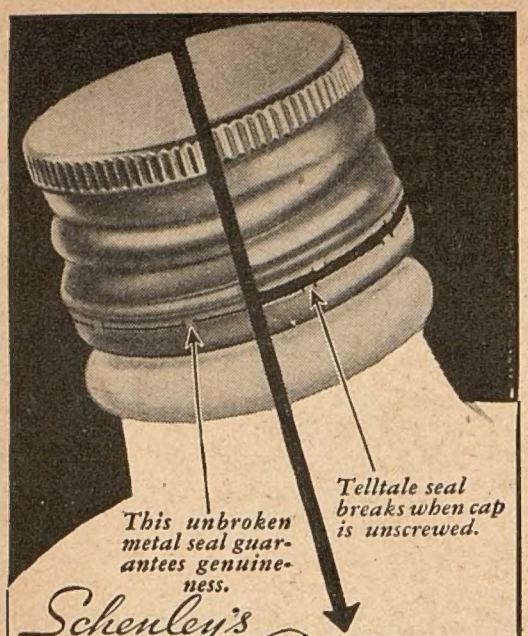
ADVANCE SCREEN NEWS

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Just sold my eighth short story to pictures within three months. Please air-mail assignment of copyright on Big Brown Eyes and Hahsit, Babe?—*James Edward Grant.*

PREFER DUMB WOMEN?

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—At luncheon today I overheard one man say to another, "Deliver me from a woman with brains!" Can it be possible he meant that? Perhaps he was a man who had been beaten by a woman.

Are there really men—American men—who actually *prefer* dumb women? If he meant what he said, he was one of three things—ignorant, selfish, or a Supreme Egotist (with capitals).—*Margaret Shaw.*



Schenley's
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
See advertisement . . . Page 43

HAS AN ALSECO
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL
ON EVERY BOTTLE
for your protection
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 94% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

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COVER BY R. C. KAUFFMANN

READ ABOUT THE

FLYING MADMEN

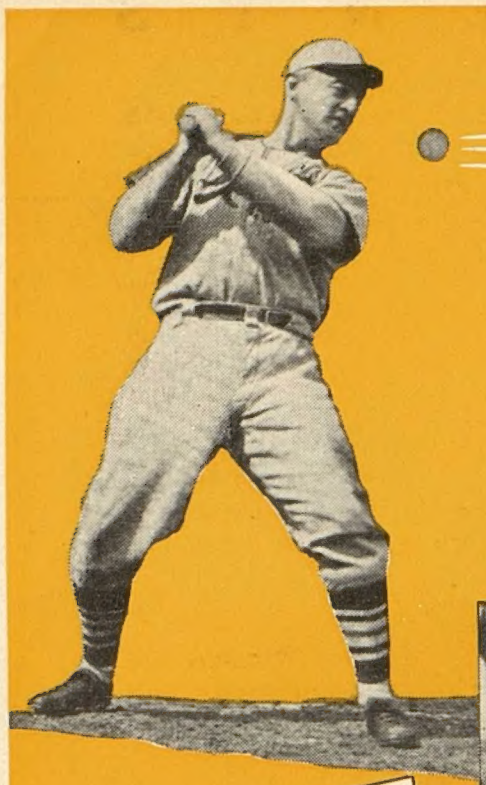
A SAGA OF AMERICANS OVER COSSACK BATTLEFIELDS

SOLDIERS of fortune on wings! A swashbuckling brotherhood of eagle-men at home alike in the air or the drawing-room, ready to fight or to play for twenty-four hours a day, such were the aces who fought against the Red army on the Volga when the Armistice ended their exploits on the World War's western front. These were the men who, practically unaided, smashed and scattered the army of the famous General Budenny before Tsaritsyn. Their adventures are a saga of desperate fighting and unbridled carousing, of courage and fortitude, of privation and beautiful women. A thrill in every line. Watch for FLYING MADMEN.

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty

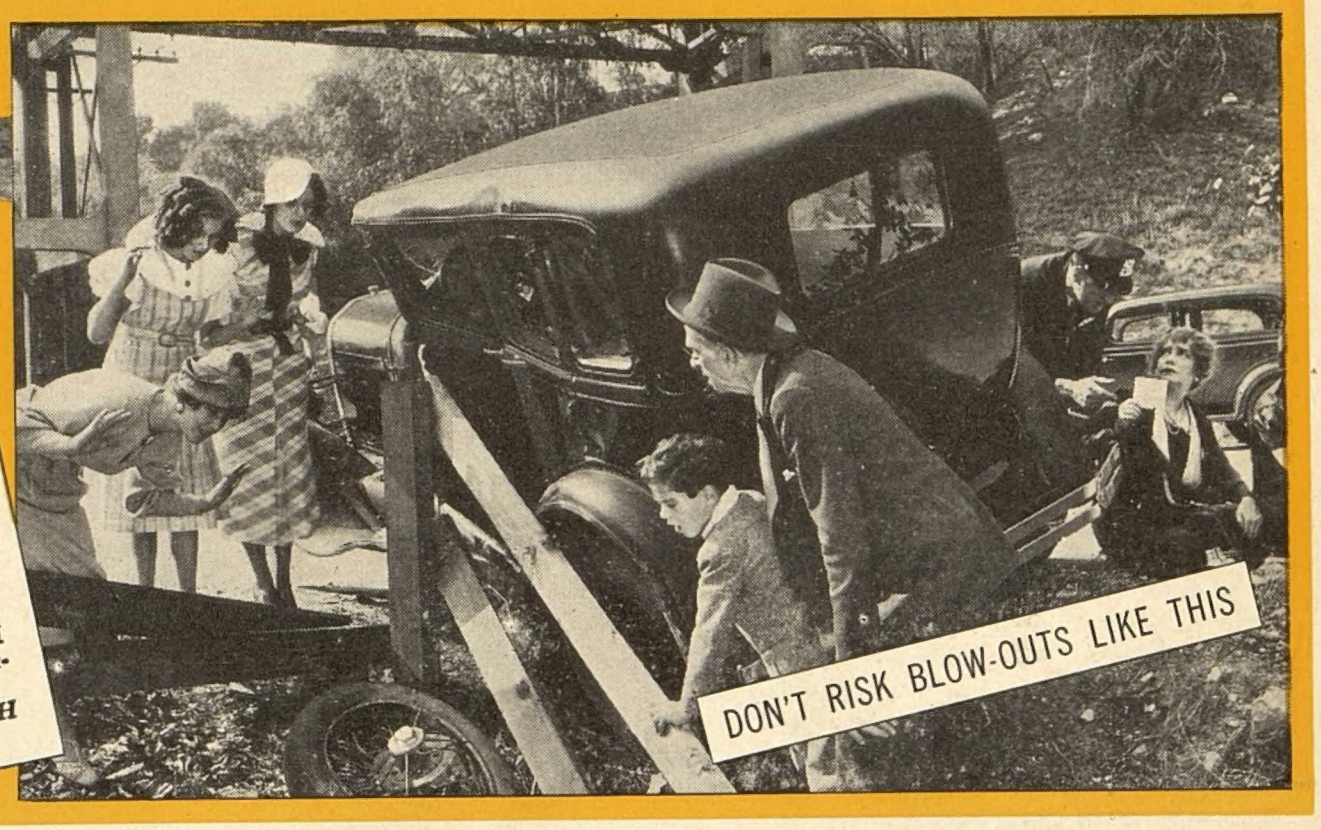
Also Joe Louis, Menace to White Supremacy in the Ring.

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21



"BEAN-BALL PITCHING IS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE BLOW-OUT I HAD"

says **FRANK FRISCH,** *Mgr. World's Champion St. Louis Cardinals*



● "It's a nerve-wracking business to face big league pitchers day in and day out. And it's no fun to watch a high, hard one streaking straight for my head. But these vicious pitches are nothing at all compared to the blow-out I had. At least I can watch a pitcher deliver that bullet-like ball. But who ever saw a blow-out coming? I didn't. I was just breezing along at 45 miles an hour when—BANG!—she blew—and over I went. I certainly don't want to face another blow-out. That's why I *now* have Goodrich Silvertowns on my car."

FRANK FRISCH

WHO ELSE WANTS REAL BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

THIS is the kind of weather that gives you the urge to hop in your car and "step on the gas." But remember, it's mighty important to have real blow-out protection between flying wheels and today's fast highways. Because, speeds of 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour generate terrific heat *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to pull apart. A tiny blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER. It may burst quickly or the blow-out may not happen for months. Just the same, that blister, as long as it *is* in the tire, is a real driving hazard.

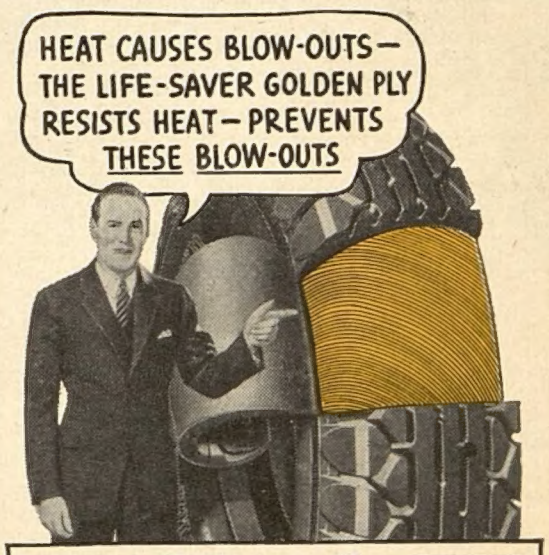
Don't gamble!

That's why thousands of motorists all over America have stopped gambling on tires and switched to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. By resisting internal tire heat the Life-Saver Golden Ply that's built into every Goodrich Safety Silvertown keeps rubber and fabric from separating—blisters from forming. Thus high-speed blow-outs don't even get a start. If you have the safety of your family and your friends at heart—if protection against treacherous high-speed blow-outs is what you really want—put a set of GOODRICH, spelled G-O-O-D-R-I-C-H, Goodrich Silvertowns on your car. For *only* in Silvertowns will you secure the priceless protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply.

Another Safety Feature

The *outside* of the Goodrich Safety Silvertown is just as amazing as the inside. See that big, rugged Silvertown tread at your Goodrich dealer. Feel these husky cleats grip your hand. Then you'll realize why Silvertowns also give you such marvelous protection against dangerous "tail spin" skids.

Remember, that invisible blister—that blow-out in the making may be in your tire *right now.* So don't try to squeeze another few hundred miles out of unsafe, tread-worn tires. Don't be satisfied with anything but the SAFEST tires for your car—especially when Goodrich Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.



FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. *581,* The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

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I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike

It's the Tobacco That Counts. There Are No Finer Tobaccos Than Those Used in Luckies.

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Try me I'll never let you down